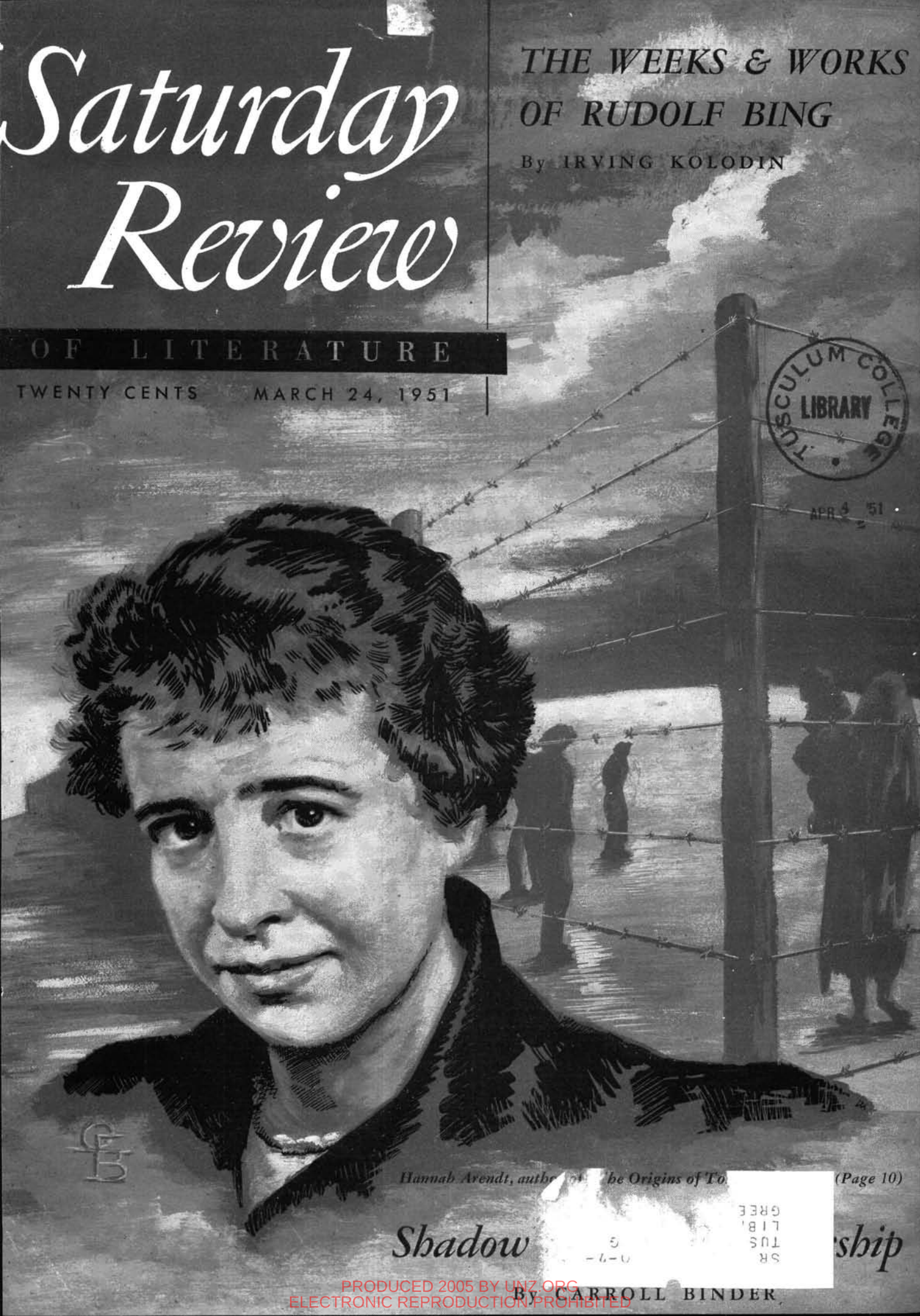
Saturday Review

OF LITERATURE

TWENTY CENTS MARCH 24, 1951

THE WEEKS & WORKS OF RUDOLF BING

By IRVING KOLODIN



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Hannah Arendt, author of The Origins of To... (Page 10)

Shadow ...rship

BY CARROLL BINDER

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ARE YOU YOUR OWN WORST ENEMY?

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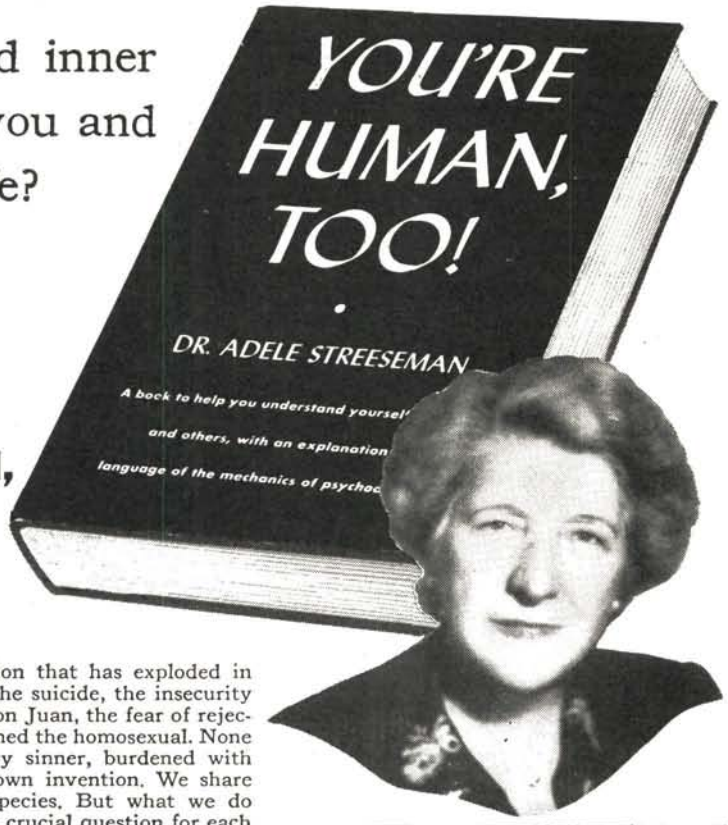
YOU'RE HUMAN, TOO!
DR. ADELE STREESEMAN
A book to help you understand yourself
and others, with an explanation
language of the mechanics of psychoa

Yes! To dare to be ourselves is something we have to learn. Unless we are ourselves and love ourselves we cannot gain the inner peace we need in order to function as free and happy human beings. Unless we love ourselves we cannot love our neighbor, and if we cannot love our neighbor we cannot love God.

Yet how can we learn this lesson of love? How can we come to terms with the fear and guilt and hate inside us? This remarkable little book, in which scientific knowledge and human sympathy go hand in hand, shows us clearly, step by step, how we can deal with those feelings we consider shameful, how we can keep them from being dangerous (to ourselves and others), how we can love ourselves and those around us.

THE FIRST STEP

First, as Dr. Streeseman shows us, we must realize we are not alone. We are not the only ones who resented in childhood the attention given a younger sister or brother, or who today envy and fear a rival. We are not the only ones who have felt spurts of hatred against a parent, a wife or a husband. Each of us has experienced, *in some degree*, the emotion that has exploded in the murderer or the suicide, the insecurity that drives the Don Juan, the fear of rejection that has doomed the homosexual. None of us is a solitary sinner, burdened with impulses of our own invention. We share them with our species. But what we do about them is the crucial question for each of us.

WHAT SCIENCE HAS FOUND OUT

That is where YOU'RE HUMAN, TOO comes in. In language as simple and good-humored as daily speech, Dr. Streeseman sets forth the vital facts psychiatrists have discovered about those impulses that make it so difficut for us to achieve inner peace. And, even more importantly, she explains with perfect clarity the techniques for handling them that have been developed by doctors of the mind and doctors of the body working in close cooperation. Reading her book, you find that you are learning, from a tender and intelligent fellow-being, the lesson that teaches you to *be* yourself, to trust yourself, and to love God, your fellow-man *and* yourself.

FROM THE BOOK

Your feelings can make you sick, literally. The feelings that are most likely to make you sick are the ones that you have taught yourself to disown, to dislike, to hide, even from yourself.

The kind of feelings that people hide, even from themselves, are, naturally, the sort of feelings that conscience and training, civilization and religion have taught us to be ashamed of. The conscience has a constant job of keeping down those feelings. It is this constant battle that is the essence of a neurosis.

This battle is as old as the ages. We all do a little repressing. But the neurotic has an overwhelming amount of repressed emotions. He endures a constant under-current of shame and fear, known as neurotic guilt. Psychoanalysis takes the neurotic, with his buried fears, his unconscious hatreds, his deep guilt, and, in the friendly warmth of intelligent sympathy, teaches him to unravel these hatreds and fears.

Religion takes over where psychoanalysis leaves off. The neurotic is in such a squirrel cage of emotion that gets nowhere, so full of guilt and fear, that he trusts no one, not even himself. *He cannot love, and so he cannot begin to love God.* Only as man relates himself to God does his life signify anything. With that pilgrimage analysis does not help, *except to free a man so that he can love and trust.*

DR. ADELE STREESEMAN

brings you the knowledge and understanding gained through wide experience in the medical field. An expert on chest disorders, she has practiced industrial medicine for the American Telephone and Telegraph Company, served as psychiatric consultant for the Youth Consultation Service, and has been, for fifteen years, medical advisor to the Women's Prison Association of New York City. A Fellow of the American Psychosomatic Society, Dr. Streeseman now devotes the majority of her time to the practice of psychosomatic medicine. She believes psychiatry is within the scope of everyone's understanding, that knowledge of it is everybody's business.

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This Week

March 24, 1951

Cover Drawing by Frances O'Brien
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Article Page

THE SHADOW OF GLOBAL CENSORSHIP
By Carroll Binder..... 8

Reviews

THE ORIGINS OF TOTALITARIANISM
Reviewed by Hans Kohn.....10

OF SOCIETIES AND MEN
Reviewed by Roderick Seidenberg..11

THE NEW YOU AND HEREDITY
Reviewed by Ashley Montagu.....12

ROCK WAGRAM
Reviewed by John Brooks.....13

THE PLACE OF THE LION
Reviewed by William Lindsay Gresham.....14

DILIGENCE IN LOVE
Reviewed by Jessamyn West.....14

NEW YORK 22
Reviewed by Josephine Lawrence..15

CANDLEMAS BAY
Reviewed by Mary Ellen Chase....16

FAREWELL TO OTTERLEY
Reviewed by Walter Havighurst....17

THE BROKEN ROOT
Reviewed by Herschel Brickell.....17

HIS EYE IS ON THE SPARROW
Reviewed by Harrison Smith.....18

THE VICIOUS CIRCLE
Reviewed by John T. Winterich....19

THE LIFE OF JOHN MAYNARD KEYNES
Reviewed by Jacob Viner.....20

IMMORTAL MAGYAR
Reviewed by Martin Gumpert.....21

Departments

TRADE WINDS
By Bennett Cerf..... 4

LITERARY I.Q.....12

EDITORIAL 22

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.....23

NEW EDITIONS
By Ben Ray Redman.....24

SEEING THINGS
By John Mason Brown.....25

SRL GOES TO THE MOVIES
By Hollis Alpert.....27

TV AND RADIO
By Robert Lewis Shayon.....28

MUSIC TO MY EARS
By Irving Kolodin.....29

LITERARY CRYPT.....32

BOOKED FOR TRAVEL
By Horace Sutton.....36

THE NEW RECORDINGS
By Edward Tatnall Canby.....39

THE CRIMINAL RECORD.....40

DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 887.....43

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MORROW

"Few narratives in modern American writing approach this book in literary skill, factual honesty and suspense."—HENRY BESTON.

Candlemas Bay

by

RUTH MOORE

author of *Spoonhandle*, etc.

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The Literary Guild Selection for April

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TRADE Winds

THE CUSTOMERS ALWAYS WRITE

Grace Perkins Oursler, wife of Fulton and a glowing personality in her own right, sends me this story which she entitled "Yes, My Darling Daughter":

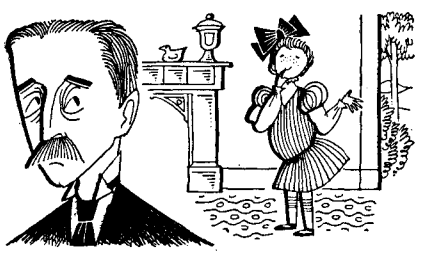
For years J. B. Priestley, the celebrated English novelist, did not know just why Sir James Barrie treated him with a sort of tender pity. The great playwright had always taken pains to notice and encourage Priestley, as he did most rising talents on the horizon that he felt he could approve. But after Priestley had moved to Hampstead and so become Barrie's neighbor the old man had behaved rather handsomely. Yet there was always that note in his attitude bordering on deep compassion, which puzzled Priestley. Not until after Sir James's death and funeral did Priestley's daughter recall in full a visit from the author of "What Every Woman Knows" shortly after the family had moved to Hampstead.

Being of modest, even struggling, circumstances at the time and seeking some measure of peace from his six noisy children, Priestley had knocked together a one-room cabin down at the end of his property where he might write undisturbed. He was there for the first time when Sir James called, unannounced, and was greeted by the eight-year-old daughter of the house, hostess in her mother's absence. Sir James took the young charmer on his knee and proceeded to promote an undying friendship.

"And what are you going to be when you grow up, little lady?" he asked benevolently.

"Oh, a married lady with children," his hostess told him gravely.

"Splendid. Splendid. And whom do you think you will marry?"



"Whoever he is he'll be a writer," said the girl confidently.

"Indeed! Well now, you know, that's a rather precarious profession, young lady. Some writers don't earn either very much or very consistently."

"Mine will," Priestley's daughter told him firmly and climbed from his knee to regard him with quiet assurance.

"Well, that's fine. But, you know, writers are a nuisance really. Always 'round the house, cluttering the place up, wanting quiet. . . ."

"Mine won't," said the girl stolidly. "I'll build him a hut at the bottom of the garden and keep him down there working."

"Really!" Sir James cleared his throat and looked around. "Is your father about, child?"

"No. He's in his hut at the bottom of the garden, writing."

"I see. Well, tell him I'll drop in another time," said Barrie. And fled.

Alexander Frere, the British publisher, was present when Priestley's daughter told the story of that visit, and he testified that her father did not so much as strike the girl.

NICOLAS BENTLEY, whose father, Edmund Clerihew Bentley, invented the verse form that bears his middle name, reveals that he too collects specimens of the art. Three that won his special commendation are:

Mae West
Is one of the best.
I would rather not
Say the best what.

Mr. Cecil B. DeMille
Rather against his will
Was persuaded to leave Moses
Out of "The War of the Roses."

Nothing could be ruder
Than staring at your navel like
Buddha.
But rudeness in excelsis
Is staring at somebody else's.

Don Lindsay contributes:

Little Soso Djugashvili
Thought the seminary silly;
Later he found his destined callin'
Being Josef Stalin.

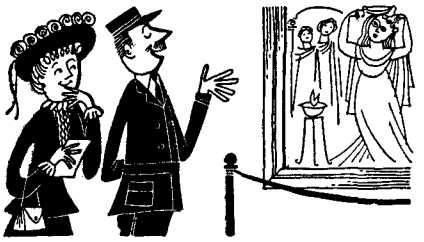
Lewis Galantière writes that we've all overlooked two of the best from Edmund Bentley's first collection:

Professor Dewar
'S a better man that you are.
None of you asses
Can condense gases.

The best thing about Clive
Is that he is no longer alive.
There's much to be said
For being dead.

DALE KRAMER is having a hard time convincing people that the book he is writing for Doubleday is about *The New Yorker* magazine itself rather than its boss-man, Harold Wallace Ross. "Of course, Ross is an important figure in the book," admits Kramer, "and his name probably will be in the title, but I'd like to make my principal objective clear for the sake of his own peace of mind. A man who has printed so many 'Profiles' would naturally face the prospect of a long and searching one of himself with fear and trembling." Continues Kramer:

The work, now about two-thirds done, is based on the proposition that a quarter of a century ago Ross came along with his magazine and re-focused American humor and what is commonly called sophistication. The idea is to follow Ross in the desperate early search for his magic formula, his discovery of it,



and then to tag along with him and his associates, turning aside when necessary, to emerge finally with the story of major trends and personalities in American wit and sophistication during the quarter century.

You have noted the failure of writers about *The New Yorker* to show what goes on there. Their principal error—and I made it some years ago in an article for *Harper's*—has been even to care about contemporary office goings-on. Nowadays Ross has, according to my information, a heavily-staffed special department charged solely with baffling people who want to write about him and his magazine. In case of emergency the master baffler, Ross himself, grants an audience from which the writer usually is happy to escape to some other project.

Those who persisted tried to explain Ross by means of his successes. This was another mistake, for men are best understood by their failures. At one time Ross was an ambitious tramp newspaperman whose custom when applying for a job was to offer as a recommendation the claim that he had been fired off more newspapers than any one else in the country. Among the older tramp journalists this was regarded as hyperbole, but the consensus was that the young Ross would go far, maybe to the headship of the clan.

Why did he fail? Go back and get the answer to questions like this and you don't have to worry about the Ross who rides the cushions between his office and his home in the literary suburbs.

ELLIOTT GRAHAM of Dutton's has a friend who recently visited the Corcoran Art Gallery in Washington. What a broadening experience she found it may be judged from her report:

In my home is a painting of Tucia, one of the Vestal Virgins, and it was copied from the original, which hangs in the Corcoran Art Gallery. I had often heard the story of her holding the sieve over her head with not a drop of water coming through—which proved she was a virgin. So when I went to the Corcoran to view

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The new novel by the author of ***THE SNAKE PIT***

A Little Night Music

By MARY JANE WARD

NEW YORK TIMES BOOK REVIEW: "This book has wit, humor, insight, and better characterization than its predecessor. Many novels treat of the father-daughter complex, the unmarried woman in a small town, the talent which was not quite fine enough. However, none of them has an Aunt Ellie, who 'without a penny in her pocket got all the way to Chicago.' She is only one of the vivid characters surrounding Elizabeth on her perilous journey, only one of the reasons why A Little Night Music is readable, witty, interesting."

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the original, which is quite large and shows the multitudes watching the sieve, the guard came up and asked if I had heard the story. I told him no, as I wanted his version of it, and it follows:

"All of them people on the shores and in the doorway are watching the sieve the woman is holding to see if any water comes through. Since not a drop falls from it that proves she is a virgin—but what they don't know is that her boy friend was a sieve-maker."

MRS. A. S. WROBLESKI, of Rocky River, Ohio, found the following essay, entitled "The Bees," in the jeans of a ten-year-old boy on washday:

> When I opened the box their was about ten bees in it. They started to stink me. Then my father through some honey on me. Then they started biting harder. There was a knock on the door. My father refused to answer. Then I found out that they were policemen. They broke down the door. After they put some medicine on sticks they thought that my father was a maniac. And had escaped from the Ohio Penitntray. He had killed five women and ten men. He was to be hanged in the gallows at Alkatraz. His daughter went to Texas and struck oil.

Mrs. Wrobleski thinks she has discovered a budding genius, and maybe she's right. He certainly knows instinctively how to pack a punch in his last line!

—Bennett Cerf.

Man, Walking Home

By Anobel Armour

THE house was just ahead of him,
  Light blossoming in window square,
Until shut out by leaf and limb,
  The safe house wasn't anywhere.

The tree boughs weren't wide but then
  They were as wide as his two eyes
And till he found the house again
  He was alone. To his surprise

He was as lost as he would be
  If there was not a house at all
And now at last he came to see
  In just one instant just how small

A thing it took to shut out light—
He trembled on the edge of night.

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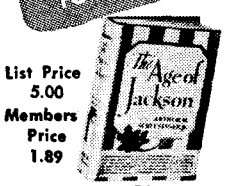

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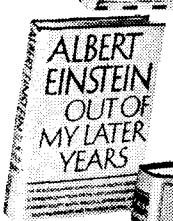

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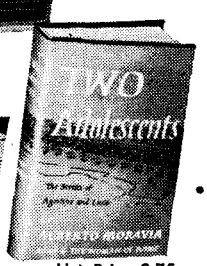

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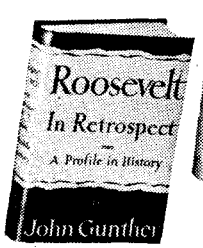

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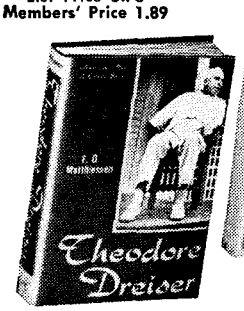

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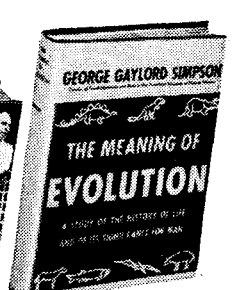

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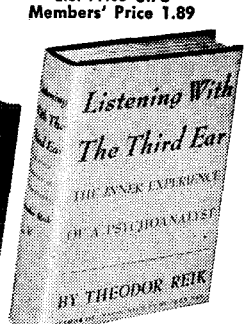

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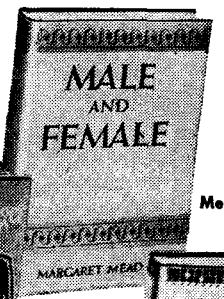

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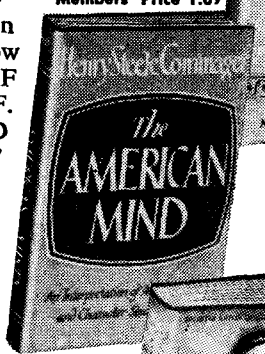

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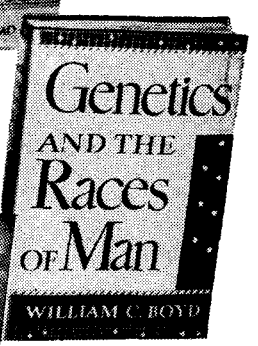

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The Saturday Review of Literature

The Shadow of Global Censorship

CARROLL BINDER

Carroll Binder

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Carroll Binder, editor of the editorial pages of* The Minneapolis Tribune *and an internationally respected newspaperman, reports here on a determined effort to restrict freedom of information in the name of the United Nations. At Lake Success last month a committee of fifteen representatives drafted nineteen articles and a preamble for a Convention on Freedom of Information. Many of those representatives would like to include certain restrictions in this convention that would seriously shackle the right of a free press to secure and publish news of international importance. Although its work is of the greatest significance to an informed citizenry, this committee's deliberations have not been fully reported by the daily press. Believing that freedom of information concerns us today more than ever, the editors of* SRL *have asked Mr. Binder to report on the proposed U. N. convention. No one is more qualified to make such a report than Carroll Binder, who represented the United States on this committee during its critical sessions early this year.*

IF A POWERFUL bloc in the United Nations has its way American periodicals no longer will be permitted to publish pictures of Mohammed, a book such as Katherine Mayo's "Mother India" will not be published, mention of King Farouk's love life will become *verboten*. In short, anything which any government considers likely to "injure the feelings of nationals of a state" will be denied access to print.

I am not seeing things under the bed. Official spokesmen for a bloc of nations representing nearly one-quarter of the United Nations membership cited those particular "abuses" as practices they would like outlawed. Their views are on record in the proposals for a Convention on Freedom of Information being drafted at Lake Success by direction of the United Nations Assembly. These representatives from countries in the Middle East and Asia claim to voice the resentments of "1,200,000,000 people who think like us," resentments against American media of information that they claim "violate our religious or national sensibilities or offend our national prestige and dignity."

Aiding the efforts of these Asian representatives are the Cominform spokesmen, who trot out false statements about the monopolization of information in the United States, hoping thereby to win support from other members for the shackling of American and British publications. Those who publish periodicals and books in the United States and Great Britain, say Communist members of the U.N., abuse their freedom to "slander other nations and foster bad relations between peoples and governments." They maintain that American freedom of the press gives rise to "profit-seeking warmongers, Fascists and Nazis, promoters of racial and religious hatred." They hope to persuade us that our peace and security are menaced by this free press, that the world would be better off with the sort of controls operative in Russia. (Soviet spokesmen neglect to explain that the "freedom" permitted in the USSR is designed to indoctrinate people in the dogmas and dictates of a ruling party, to insulate them against all contrary facts and opinions.) If the restrictionists have their way the press would be prevented from acquainting its readers with the concentration of troops on the border of Yugoslavia, the creation of armed forces in East Germany, or the existence of 175 Soviet divisions on active service. Such reports in Communist eyes promote unfriendly relations between peoples.

When you combine the Middle Eastern, Asian, and Communist nations you have a formidable number of votes working toward the common end of committing the U.N. to drastic restrictions on the flow of information between and within nations. But even this formidable array would not be able to dominate the freedom of information issue without some help. That help, unfortunately, is readily offered — by many Latin-American members of the United Nations. With their aid the restrictionists tend to dominate every consideration of freedom of information at Lake Success.

I DO not mean to imply that Latin-American representatives vote for press restrictions *en bloc*. Uruguay, Chile, Ecuador, Cuba, and one or two other members share our concepts on the freedom of information issue. But the majority of Latin-American nations usually line up with the restrictionists. Some feel that their revolutions are falsely exaggerated in the American press. Some dislike the way we have reported their financial difficulties, believing that their prospects of obtaining loans, credits, or gifts from the United States are thereby prejudiced. Some, with justice, com-

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plain that American publications refuse to print corrections of misleading reports about conditions.

Señor Peron of Argentina would probably welcome international legal sanction for suppression of articles detailing the opportunism of his regime. It is very possible that his wife, identifying her own dignity with that of Argentina, would welcome a convention making it an offense to national dignity to tell how she collects funds for her charities. Certainly the current attempts to muzzle *La Prensa*, Argentina's renowned independent newspaper, would be less subject to international reproach if the Perons could invoke a restrictive U. N. convention.

What makes the whole affair so diabolic is the patina of U. N. sanction that would protect it. Any foreign government nursing a grudge against an American periodical could satisfy its *amour-propre* without appearing to be blatantly totalitarian. A restrictive convention bearing the honored name of the United Nations and having the sanction of international law would suit such governments perfectly. It would permit them to restrict the movements of American newsmen, to censor dispatches leaving or entering the country, and it would allow objections to what is published in the United States—all this without exposing themselves to accusations of dictatorial suppression! For they could point to a U. N. convention, ratified by the requisite number of sovereign states, to justify any censorship they practised.

That some Asian restrictionists entertain some just grievances against American periodicals I do not deny. News from Asia has sometimes been distorted to create sensational headlines. Americans purporting to be scholars have gained admission to countries not ordinarily admitting journalists and have gone home to write what the governments of these countries consider false and scurrilous accounts of their citizens, customs, and conditions. The Arab nations feel that American newspapers and magazines played a decisive role in the partition of Palestine, and this they bitterly resent, for, as is common with most young states, the newly created nations of the Middle East and Asia bear grudges against the powers that formerly dominated them. This finds expression in attacks upon the press, films, and radio of the Western powers. But to understand this is not to condone their objective.

In this atmosphere the committee on freedom of information has debated the proposed U. N. convention. What was intended to facilitate the gathering and transmission of news has been transformed into an effort to give the sanction of international law to restrictions upon such gathering and transmission of news. What was intended to extend to other peoples the freedom to seek, publish, and discuss information enjoyed by this country has been perverted into an attempt to discredit, circumscribe, and if possible outlaw our free practices.

SEEING what has happened to this effort to lower barriers a number of Americans regret that the American Society of Newspaper Editors resolved in April 1944 to "urge international agreements permitting direct communication between each and every nation of the world wherever feasible; making dominant in all communications matters the principle of fostering an unrestricted flow of news and information to all parts of the world." In adopting that resolution American editors reflected the desire of the great American press associations and of periodicals maintaining correspondents abroad to have free access to news and to transmit what they learned without censorship or communications restrictions.

Both houses of Congress responded by unanimously resolving on Sept. 21, 1944, that "the worldwide right of interchange of news by newsgathering and distributing agencies, whether individual or associate, by any means, without discrimination as to sources, distribution, rates, or charges, should be protected by international compact."

In deference to this demand by the American press and Congress the State Department has endeavored ever since to obtain such international compacts. It succeeded in having an admirable provision on freedom of the press and the free interchange of information written into the treaty of friendship, commerce, and navigation signed by the United States and Italy in 1948. With the help of an able delegation of American newspapermen which it sent to Geneva in the spring of 1948 for the United Nations Conference on Freedom of Information it was instrumental in having many admirable principles written into a draft convention on gathering and international transmission of news.

The Geneva conference met in the wake of the Communist coup in Czechoslovakia. No subsequent international negotiations or discussions have evinced such strong support for free principles and practices as found expression in the Geneva draft on newsgathering. Since then those who fear or loathe freedom have been doing their utmost to impose limitations upon the freedoms favored at Geneva.

(*Continued on page* 33)

—*Fitzpatrick in the* St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

"Groping Forward."

—*Justus in* The Minneapolis Star.

"Can't Stand the Light."

—*Burck in the* Chicago Times.

"I Can See Better Without Them."

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Ideas & Studies.

Homo sapiens as an individual and as a tiny speck in a vast society is the concern of the three important new books discussed on the next few pages. Amram Scheinfeld's "You and Heredity," certainly the most readable and reliable book on the subject for the general reader, achieved a huge circulation upon its publication a dozen years ago. Mr. Scheinfeld's recent revision to embody the latest findings in the field of genetics was so extensive that he has retitled his work "The New You and Heredity," and SRL *reviews it anew. That tragedy of the modern world—that man has allowed his society to become more important than himself—is explored in Hannah Arendt's "The Origins of Totalitarianism" and Caryl P. Haskins's "Of Society and Men."*

Where Terror Is the Essence

THE ORIGINS OF TOTALITARIANISM. By Hannah Arendt. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 447 pp. $6.75.

By HANS KOHN

HANNAH ARENDT, who received her philosophical training with Karl Jaspers in Heidelberg and has become known in the United States to a discerning circle of readers for a number of essays of penetrating thoughtfulness and subtlety, presents her first major work in "The Origins of Totalitarianism." It is an attempt to find the roots and to contemplate the forms of the totalitarian movements of the twentieth century, National Socialism and Communism. They are regarded as intimately connected with the malady of the century. Their fantastic claims to having founded thousand-year empires and messianic ages have been widely believed, despite all evidence to the contrary. This was possible, Dr. Arendt believes, because they respond, albeit in a radically destructive way, to the terrible challenge of the century. Their origin is sought in the anti-Semitism and the imperialism at the end of the nineteenth century, and the book discusses these movements in its three parts. Though at least to this reviewer no clear and convincing pattern of the origins of totalitarianism in anti-Semitism and imperialism emerges, the book, in which each page bears witness to the author's lucid intelligence and power of provocative analysis, will amply repay the careful reader.

Totalitarianism is in its origin and manifestations a Continental European movement, French, German, and Russian; Dr. Arendt can point the line from the Dreyfus Affair, "a kind of dress rehearsal for the performance of our time" at the beginning of the century, to Stalin's triumph in its middle. England and the United States hardly enter into the discussion. In recent years some authors have regarded totalitarianism as an almost necessary outcome of the decaying stage of Western civilization in which they believe we find ourselves. But in historical experience totalitarianism has shown strength only where the foundations of Western civilization have been weak or absent. In spite of its triumph in World War II and the serious weakening of the West, Communism has been unable to make any headway in England or Scandinavia, in Switzerland or the Low Countries. The situation may be different, as Dr. Arendt points out, in Asia with its immense rural population similar to that of Russia, which she describes in Gorky's words as this "great flaccid body destitute of political education, almost inaccessible to ideas capable of ennobling action." Totalitarianism seems a disease not of Western civilization but of its absence.

The first part of the book dealing with anti-Semitism strikes this reader as inconclusive, but it culminates in a brilliant chapter on the Dreyfus Affair, which broadens out into an analysis of the background of contemporary France. The lonely greatness of Clemenceau is well shown. Clemenceau based his approach upon "abstract" ideas: justice, liberty, civic virtues. It was out of his experiences in the Affair that he began to despair of the people and to develop that grim aloofness which separated him from the nation and the republic.

Dr. Arendt delves more deeply into

THE AUTHOR: Hannah Arendt is reticent about her personal life, and her book is at first glance one of scholarly, reticent research. Yet in both book and woman one discovers richness and feeling that go deeper than the scholarly and demonstrate the reticence as stability and wisdom. The book is uniquely a part of our era; no other time in man's experience has provided a setting that was an intense research laboratory which at the same time produced the necessity for explanatory research of itself. Dr. Arendt's knowledge of the setting is personal. She was born in Hanover, Germany, and took her doctorate under Karl Jaspers at Heidelberg, majoring in philosophy, theology, and Greek. And then the world began to seem bent on annihilating not only the bases of those subjects but the students too. In 1933 it was necessary for her to leave Germany for Paris. There she did social work, always as well writing and studying. In 1941, as Paris became lethal for German refugees, she was fortunate enough to receive one of the life-saving emergency visas the U. S. provided at that time. Here she has been a teacher at Brooklyn College and editor for Schocken Books. She is now executive secretary for Jewish Cultural Reconstruction, Inc., which has been reassembling and reallocating, as far as possible, Nazi-looted and dispersed Jewish literature. Nearly 400,000 volumes have been rescued so far. Her new book is the work of many years—long thought and research in the European "laboratory" and over three years of actual A-to-Z putting together here, passages having appeared in many magazines. She looks forward with intense pleasure to the not-far-off moment of U. S. citizenship when the limbo of statelessness will be at an end. Yet she conveys absolutely no sense of personal desperation—only wisdom and stability; and the quality of mind responsible for that seems mirrored in a quotation from Karl Jaspers which heads the book's preface: "To succumb neither to the past nor the future. What matters is to be entirely present."

—K. S.

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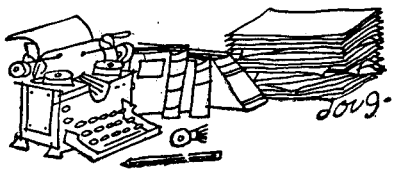

the nature of anti-Semitism in her discussion of the racial pan-movements, Pan-Germanism and Pan-Slavism, to which "Nazism and Bolshevism owe more than to any other ideology or political movement." They incline to anti-Semitism because they represent a type of tribal nationalism unknown in the West. This nationalism insists that its people are always surrounded by a "world of enemies" and that a fundamental difference separates and distinguishes them from all other peoples. Now the Jews seemed "the one perfect example of a people in the tribal sense, their organization the model the pan-movements were striving to emulate, their survival and their supposed power the best proof of the correctness of racial theories." The pan-movements' claim to being the chosen people "could clash seriously only with the Jewish claim."

The climax of the book is the last third, which offers some deep insights into the nature and the working of totalitarianism. There this reader's only critical footnote would express his doubt whether Mussolini's Fascism was only "an ordinary nationalist dictatorship developed logically from a multiparty democracy" and whether Stalinism represents a distortion of Leninism. Mussolini's Fascism contained theoretically the whole essence of totalitarianism, but the nature of the Italian people and Mussolini's own character did not allow its full practical application. The messianic hubris, the moral nihilism, and the terrorism of Lenin contained all the seeds of the Stalinism which came to full fruition only in the 1930's. The history of totalitarianism in all its forms begins with Lenin's overthrow of the Russian Provisional Government.

The attraction exerted by totalitarianism on the elite and on the mob in Continental Europe is as pertinently analyzed by Dr. Arendt as the interrelation of its propaganda and terror. Totalitarian propaganda draws its strength and its ultimate futility from its insistence on scientific prophecy. The Marxists and the racists pretend to have discovered the hidden laws and forces that will bring them good fortune in the chain of fatality. Thus their leaders can lay claim to an almost absolute infallibility. This very character of scientific prophecy demands the ultimate goal of world conquest. "Only in a world completely under his control could the totalitarian ruler possibly realize all his lies and make true all his prophecies." This infallible system also provides that consistency which the masses crave, the escape from reality with its fortuitousness into a world of fiction where everything is explained.

Propaganda is the instrument of totalitarianism for dealing with the non-totalitarian world; terror is its very essence. In Russia and Germany terror grew with the decline of internal political opposition. This seems paradoxical to the non-totalitarian who tries to explain terror rationally and thus to excuse it. For actually the terror in a totalitarian society is entirely non-utilitarian. It is the soul and substance of the regime whose fundamental belief that everything is possible is being verified in the terror. "Without concentration camps, without the undefined fear they inspire and the very well-defined training they offer in totalitarian domination, which can nowhere else be fully tested . . . a totalitarian state can neither inspire its nuclear troops with fanaticism nor maintain a whole people in complete apathy."

The totalitarian leadership will ultimately fail by its arrogant disregard for factuality. The totalitarian system will fail because it disregards men. Through terror it transforms them into marionettes without the slightest trace of spontaneity. By constant purges and mass liquidations it strives to establish the superfluity of man. It can realize its full potentialities only when one totalitarian system dominates the world. But though, as Dr. Arendt points out, totalitarianism may spread to the Orient with its traditional despotism, its almost inexhaustible human material to feed the machinery of total domination, and its prevailing feeling of superfluousness of human life, there is hardly any chance of all these totalitarianisms coming under one rigid rule. Thus the book concludes on a not too hopeless note: "All this seems to indicate that totalitarianism will one day simply disappear, leaving no other trace in the history of mankind than exhausted peoples, economic and social chaos, political vacuum, and a spiritual *tabula rasa*." It may then be decisive for the recovery of the world whether the lands of Western civilization will show the unity, the moral vigor, and the patient intelligence to face the situation with a feeling of responsibility for the fate of all men.

Hans Kohn is professor of history at City College of New York. His most recent books are "The Idea of Nationalism" and "The Twentieth Century, a Midway Account of the Western World."

Are We Men—or Ants?

OF SOCIETIES AND MEN. By Caryl P. Haskins. New York: W. W. Norton & Co. 261 pp. $4.50.

By Roderick Seidenberg

THE FUTURE of man has become for us a pressing question. Confronted by a half century of vertiginous change we are apprehensive and uncertain, as though the curve of events were hurrying toward some dark climax. Parodoxically, our understanding of the future is contingent upon our understanding of the past. Our surmises are based upon historic parallels, analogies, similarities and our penetration into the future upon an ever wider detour in search of the basic principles of historic development. Caryl P. Haskins ventures to approach the problem from an even broader basis. In "Of Societies and Men" he views the future of man in terms of a comprehensive biologic analysis of all societies, human as well as non-human. The thesis, if not conclusive, is fascinating and provocative.

Granted that man is unique in the biologic hierarchy, he is nonetheless subject to the same laws as the rest of living forms. Mr. Haskins emphasizes certain of these basic principles: the trend toward complexity characteristic of the whole organic realm; the drive toward integration which he defines as "a tendency both of organisms and certain kinds of societies, evolving under the pressure of natural selection, to become more and more closely knit entities and of their parts to become increasingly specialized and dependent upon the whole"; and finally a trend operating under certain special conditions reversing the drift toward complexity and leading to "greater over-all simplicity and sharper specialization." The importance of these three "parameters" of evolution becomes apparent in connection with the author's distinction between three types or forms of society developed in the animal kingdom: the family, the associative society, and the integrative society. Man is unique in exemplifying aspects of all three types of societies.

The family group requires no introduction; the associative society consists of those loose flocks or herds following essentially gregarious modes of living in which the individual retains his capacity for autonomous survival, while the society as a whole may dissolve at certain stages of its life cycle. The integrative society, on the other hand, consists precisely of those social groups that persist as a unit in which the individual, often highly differentiated and specialized,

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is incapable of independent existence. The higher social insects exemplify the integrative type of social organization. The associative and integrative types of society clearly follow divergent lines of evolutionary development. Biologically speaking man belongs, of course, to the family and in a wider sense to the associative type. Why, then, are we justified in saying that he also exhibits certain characteristics of the integrative form of society?

The answer is sufficiently obvious: in man the biologic structure of society has been supplemented in an ever-increasing degree by another factor—due to the unique quality of his brain development—in an external "society of culture." The far-reaching implications of this influence have endowed man's societal structure with a new complexity and a distinctly dichotomic character. If he follows a biologic course divergent from that of the social insects, nonetheless he exhibits analogous integrative tendencies due to the high organizational potentialities of his intelligence. Mr. Haskins, recognizing the divergent components of human civilization, equates the associative trend with the democratic structure of government and the integrative trend with a totalitarian structure. Since man is biologically rooted in the former component and only culturally committed to the latter Mr. Haskins draws the conclusion that total integration of human society is not only undesirable but inherently unworkable. He advocates a continuously balanced middle course.

This conclusion, which does scant justice to the author's presentation, seems to the present reviewer open to grave doubt on several counts. Admitting that the integrative trend in human society is largely due to the integrative properties of the human mind, Mr. Haskins fails to allow for the inherently progressive domination of this trend throughout man's development. Collectivization, if not totalitarianism, is implicit in the organizational impact of the machine, science, and technology. These forces have transformed human society; they promise to become wholly dominant. Nor may we assume that the implicit fixity of such a scheme of things once established will be any more vulnerable than the rigid instinctual patterns that have served the social ants for fifty million years. Precisely because man may in some measure choose the direction of his social evolution it is possible that he will deliver himself over to a genetically fixed integrative society. But, quite apart from this gloomy gambit in the future development of man, his civilization is today drifting ever more fatally toward the goal of collectivization, with all its tragic implications for the value of the individual as such.

Roderick Seidenberg is author of "Posthistoric Man: An Inquiry."

Your Literary I.Q.

By Howard Collins

SCRAMBLED CHILDREN'S BOOKS AND THEIR SCRAMBLED AUTHORS

Elizabeth Seligman, of New York City, is the author of this week's quiz on anagrammed children's books and their authors. Allowing two and one-half points for each correct answer, a score of sixty is par, seventy is very good, and eighty or better is excellent. Answers on page 41.

1. The Strange Creed ..... by Fansch Dutton Rosenberg
2. Eat, Lucky Bab ..... by Lane Lawsen
3. Dame Neil ..... by Digbee Small Munn
4. Within One Hope ..... by Lina Mae
5. Thus Cinderella ..... by Lisa MacTootul
6. Fizzwater Hood ..... by Alf Krumban
7. And Dandelion Wine Versus Claret ..... by Will Carl Rose
8. Repent, Pa ..... by Jeremi Abrams
9. Mr. Paip's Pony ..... by R. V. St. Pearl
10. Punch Appear'd in the Tree ..... by Art Winkam
11. Last Turtle, It ..... by H. Whee Bit
12. Abner N. Shirk ..... by Edgar M. Soapey, M.D.
13. Poochi, Inc. ..... by Rollo Di Locca
14. I'm Bab ..... by Alexis Flent
15. Ask Bill MacBottle ..... by Nan Beer Lehmann
16. A Damn'd Person ..... by North K. O'Bottigan
17. Roltoc (Odd title) ..... by Flo Higghunt
18. Ken Bought Joel ..... by Gary Dilp Durkin
19. Friend Dan ..... by Nero Flaum
20. Mr. Abercuny's Book of France ..... by Adotia Gungleswick

How We Got That Way

THE NEW YOU AND HEREDITY. By Amram Scheinfeld. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. 616 pp. $5.

By Ashley Montagu

THIS is a splendid book, a masterpiece of popular scientific writing. Amram Scheinfeld is not a great stylist but he is a distinguished clarifier of difficult scientific subjects. His book is on human genetics—an extremely important subject, which every well-educated person should have firmly in his grasp.

To make this book as good as it is the author had to be endowed with special qualifications, which he has in abundance. He writes clearly and interestingly, so that one's attention never flags. He *knows* the subject of which he writes; I think it is fair to say that he has a broader grasp of it than most experts. In addition, he is an excellent draftsman, so that his diagrams show exactly what he wants to show and add greatly to the didactic value of the book. The photographic illustrations, most of them made under the supervision of the author, are nearly all original and constitute a contribution in themselves. Above all, the author of a book such as this must be possessed of a supreme objectivity. Mr. Scheinfeld has it, and that was all that was necessary to make this the best popularly written account of up-to-the-moment findings on human genetics in this or any other language. Scheinfeld's discussion of race, for example, is a model of its kind.

If you want to know how you got to be the way you are as an organism, if you want to know which is stronger, heredity or environment, or whether possibly that may be a spurious question, if you want to know what makes boys and what makes girls, why more boys are born after wars than girls, and why more boys are conceived, anyway; if you want to know which diseases and disorders are inherited and which are not and what the chances are that in any mating at random (or otherwise) that one or another condition will be transmitted to the offspring; if you want to know why it is that the Kallikaks and the Jukes are myths and why he is foolish who supposes that you can tell race by noses—if you want to know anything at all about heredity and in the most readable and most reliable form Scheinfeld's "The New You and Heredity" is the book for you.

When this book was first published in 1939 its circulation was greatly assisted as a result of its adoption by the Book-of-the-Month Club. It was

(*Continued on page* 40)

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Fiction: *The most significant novel of this week is the late Charles Williams's "The Place of the Lion," a magnificent achievement in which supernatural and dramatic events are interwoven with spiritual concepts and a daring use of fantasy. No novel could be more unlike this English work than "Rock Wagram," William Saroyan's lush story of a naive California Armenian who swings from being a Fresno barkeeper to being a Hollywood motion-picture star with the greatest of ease. The world of Ilka Chase's "New York 22," a lively account of the amorous goings-on of a Park Avenue family, is a very opposite one to that of "Diligence in Love," by Daisy Newman, the tender story of a career woman converted to the Quaker faith, and Ruth Moore's "Candlemas Bay," a novel of the Maine fishing industry, salted with adventure and romance. For readers who like English novels of manners we recommend Humphrey Pakington's "Farewell to Otterley," a story of the downfall of a great country house."*

A Man Who Hates Nobody

ROCK WAGRAM. By William Saroyan. New York: Doubleday & Co. 301 pp. $3.50.

By John Brooks

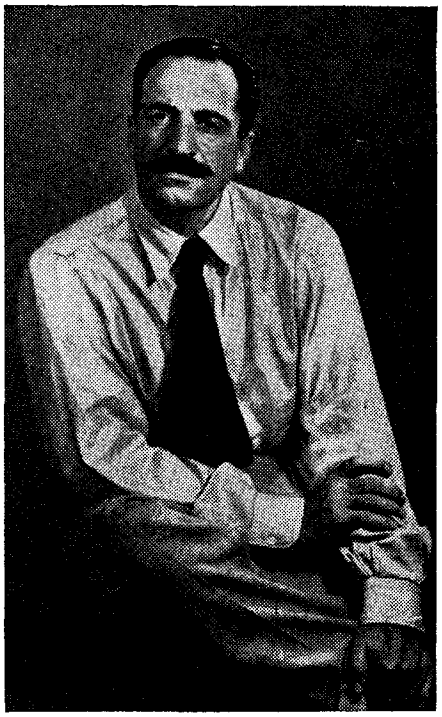
ANYONE who has ever read much of Mr. Saroyan's past fiction already knows a good deal about Rock Wagram. He is an Armenian from the California interior, with a philosophical turn, and he insists that he, like all Armenians, hates nobody but the Turks, whom he does not hate enough. He likes Armenians, old cars, Indian-head pennies, and children. It is part of his charm that he is not afraid of making wide open statements such as, "After they've bathed and put on clean clothes and are comfortable and feel fine [people] bore me. Before they do these things they fascinate me." Almost everyone loves him, and when he meets a policeman he knew casually years earlier the policeman immediately calls him Rock and asks him whether Yale is a good school for a boy or not. Rock answers in oracular fashion. (He is not quite sure about the policeman's name, however.)

The specific facts about the familiar Saroyan hero are that he comes from Winery Street, Fresno, and that he was Arak Vagramian, the bartender at Fat Aram's in Fresno, until one day a movie magnate picked him out for a character part. After that he became the star of many bad pictures, married a New York society girl, had two children, was divorced, went to San Francisco and dropped out of the public eye, and eventually went back to Hollywood to make money to support his children.

It is difficult to say at exactly what point in this career Mr. Saroyan's story begins, for Rock and his opinions always have precedence over the mere exigencies of time; as a result the narrative takes off unaccountably every few pages into backward or forward leaps ranging from days to years. These interludes—they cannot properly be called flashbacks since they go forward as often as back and since the reader is not always sure what the date is *now*—are interspersed with italicized sections serving as a sort of chorus that deal loosely with the narrative and directly with the philosophical matters that interest Mr. Saroyan, such as, "The only thing a man does all his life is breathe" and "Why isn't a man the Ambassador to Spain?"

It is interesting that this time the Saroyan hero is an actor, for Mr. Saroyan himself has become something of a character actor in print—perhaps too much of one, indeed, to be capable of creating other characters. Rock Wagram and his opinions so permeate this book that the other people in it are little more than vignettes seen through Rock's eyes. The most important of these are Paul Key, a Jewish movie producer who once wrote a good play which failed; Rock's mother, embodying the simple virtues of baking bread and being an Armenian; and his sometime wife, Ann Ford, who, in Rock's view at least, believes only in "clothes, hats, cosmetics, shoes, parties, nice people, famous people, exciting people, happy people, plans for parties, plans for eating and drinking and talking the rest of her life with nice people." What Ann's view of Rock is remains cloudy.

There can be no question that Mr. Saroyan is sentimental, yet at times—unfortunately few in this book—he can write a scene so wildly and gloriously sentimental that it becomes absurd and even ungrateful to say, "Saroyan is sentimental." As to the italicized ruminations there can be little question that they are occasionally trenchant. ("A man needs his family . . . whether he loves or hates them . . . he needs a little of them, he needs at least a moment of them now and then.") There can also be little question that a good many of these ruminations to anyone who does not fly on Mr. Saroyan's special beam are downright nonsensical and not in the least profound. They have a drunken quality—not the drunkenness of liquor but of life itself. They are full of painfully obvious statements tediously and insistently repeated, full of self-contradiction and cancelings-out, full of the beery adoption of meaningless words as temporary pets—full, in short, of sloppy writing:



—*H. Kronzian.*

William Saroyan—"a drunken quality."

> No man loves anyone but himself, but that is also a lie, as every man knows. Every man loves his own damned son, damned before he's born, damned to live a variation of his own damned father's life, damned to live a winking variation of the damned life every man lives. Every man loves his own damned winking daughter, winking in the eyes of her own damned mother. Every man loves his own damned winking daughter's mother. Every man loves . . .

At any rate, this book bears a special stamp: it could not possibly have been written by anyone living except Mr. Saroyan.

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The Nature of Reality

THE PLACE OF THE LION. By Charles Williams. New York: Pellegrini & Cudahy. 236 pp. $3.

By WILLIAM LINDSAY GRESHAM

THE LATE Charles Williams could do something that almost no one else can do; he could make a spiritual idea come alive in the flesh-and-blood world of fiction. More than that, he could tell a rattling good story. Read simply for the action his novels crackle with excitement. "The Place of the Lion" (his first novel, published here originally in 1932 and reprinted now to please a growing Williams cult) opens characteristically with a lion in the most unlikely place imaginable, an English lane. From the physical drama of the lion hunt we progress rapidly to terrors more supernatural and more intense; for instance, to a prim parlor in which the hero struggles for his life against a man and woman bestially possessed by powers of evil, to a house that explodes into unquenchable flame, and at last to something ominously like the end of the world—prevented by the hero just in time.

Meanwhile Williams presents in the character of Damaris Tighe a striking satirical study. Damaris is a lady scholar, after the school prevailing today—in which a man may spend his life and earn his Ph.D. "settling X's relation to the thought of his time" without ever once asking whether what X thought was true. To such "scholarship" dead men's bones are no more than a ladder on which to climb into college jobs. Thus Damaris writes with solemn self-importance of the correspondence between Platonic eidola and medieval angels—without understanding the eidola or believing in the angels. It is Williams's unique gift which makes Damaris nevertheless enchanting. In other hands—as so often in life—this sort of humorless, learned female-on-the-make would be detestable. But Williams makes her absurdity an endearing absurdity. Damaris is rather a lamb, and by the Lamb in the end she is saved—not, however, without getting her comeuppance first. For a dabbling occultist accidentally brings the eidola and the angels into the material world, terribly incarnate; and at the touch of their burning reality the world crumbles into nothingness.

Anthony himself, riding the stallion of swiftness to Damaris's rescue, is the incarnation of one of Williams's dominant themes—the identity of sexual love with the Divine charity. To the materialist, dyspeptic with ill-digested Freud, who sneers at religious experience as "only sex," Williams might well answer that sex is only God. In "The Descent of the Dove," his extraordinarily illuminating history of the Holy Spirit in Christianity, he clarifies the distinction between the personal love, Eros, and the impersonal Christian love, Agape — and unites the two with the profound and haunting phrase of an early martyr: My Eros is crucified. It is this crucified Eros which saves Damaris.

Perhaps of all Williams's novels "The Place of the Lion" is the most profound metaphysically. Elsewhere he stays fairly well within the framework of space and time; "War in Heaven" turns on the Holy Grail, "Many Dimensions" on the Crown of Solomon, "All Hallows' Eve" on a flesh-and-blood magus working prescribed spells, "The Greater Trumps" on the potencies locked within a deck of Tarot cards. All these are material, if magical, powers. But in "The Place of the Lion" we come to grips with the very nature of reality itself, and the material is revealed as a mere airy dance of dust-motes around its central abstract ideas. The atoms disrupt, and what blazes forth is pure energy—Energy Himself.

No doubt it is fairly improbable that the heavenly virtues of which Williams writes should ever actually appear to men as golden lions and crowned serpents or that rows of suburban bungalows, however jerry-built, should collapse at their touch. Yet Williams does more than make us believe it happened in his story. He makes us see that it is always happening—that in a sense it is the only thing which happens. His work is fundamentally different from the "supernatural fantasies"; one might say that his novels are not fantasy at all but a realism which concerns itself with essences instead of surfaces. Most fantasy makes its effect by exploiting the antithesis between the Natural—seen as the "real," commonplace, everyday world—and an unreal Supernatural. But Williams's point is that the Natural *is* the Supernatural. The bread and wine *are* the body and blood of God—what else could they be? And reading him we feel like the blind man who was given his sight and saw people like trees walking.

William Lindsay Gresham's novels include "Nightmare Alley" and "Limbo Tower."

The Inner Light

DILIGENCE IN LOVE. By Daisy Newman. New York: Doubleday & Co. 253 pp. $2.75.

By JESSAMYN WEST

DAISY NEWMAN in this novel tells the story of a conversion. A conversion, to use the theological definition, "is the spiritual change by which the soul is turned to God from spiritual indifference or gross forms of sin." As such it is not only a suitable subject for narrative treatment; since it deals with man's moral complexity, one of the supreme subjects; in addition, it has by its very nature of being a "turning" the merit of possessing inherent dramatic potentialities. And conversions have been thus recognized and thus used in literature from the time of Saul's vision on the road to Damascus in the New Testament to Larry Darrell's experience on the road to the movies (which does not discredit it) in "The Razor's Edge."

Obviously the significance of such a conversion for the reader hinges upon who is converted—and from what. A mere turning is not enough; for it to be consequential a person of consequence must be involved. In "Diligence in Love" Vaughn Hill, a "sophisticated advertising woman," turns from spiritual indifference to Quakerism, from writing unethical copy about poor furnaces and unsturdy can-openers for an unprincipled agency to writing honest copy about good radios for a high-principled Quaker.

Vaughn Hill when the story opens is thirty-eight years old, the wife of Dennis Hill, whom she loves, and the mother of two children. She is on her way from New York, where she lives and works, to the small Rhode Island town of Kendal, where she plans to investigate an old Underground railroad station used by the Quakers. She hopes somehow to incorporate what she learns there in an advertisement for a present-day top-of-the-ground railroad. She boards the train in New York dressed in "pure silk," wearing a "honey of a hat," and thinking as she sees herself in a mirror that she "looks definitely important."

In Kendal she is met by Philip Ludlow, a man with whom she has had some correspondence about the Underground. He is a widower, "an odd person, religious," a Quaker, in fact, "though he looked quite normal in his herringbone topcoat and gray felt hat." He calls her Vaughn, Quaker fashion, and asks her to supper. Vaughn accepts but thinks, "In New York . . . what this man is doing would seem absolutely crazy. On an

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expense account one might take a client to lunch but to treat a stranger as one would a friend . . . well, it was the most extraordinary thing she had ever come across." Philip Ludlow tells her about Kendal that evening "and the many queer yet lovable characters in the town. . . . The gusto with which he told his stories, the innocent humor that could make the little dump sound so attractive charmed Vaughn."

Next day Vaughn attended Quaker Meeting, and when she returned to the city the words she had heard there stayed with her: "Faith is the substance of things hoped for." The seeds of Vaughn Hill's conversion have thus been sown. She is more than ever discontented with her job, which requires in addition to the writing of questionable copy acceptance of a promotion at the expense of a friend who, though competent, is being fired at forty-five because she is "getting on." (Advertising is far more lethal than I could ever have imagined.) She is increasingly dissatisfied with her relationship with her husband and with her lack of understanding of her children. As matters worsen in her job, her home, and her soul she thinks with longing of the peace and integrity she had found in Kendal and arranges another visit.

The seed of Vaughn Hill's conversion, sown on her first visit, begins now to sprout in earnest on this second visit to Philip Ludlow and his two young cousins. She believes, however, that she can return to the city, letting the fact of God in her (which she has discovered) answer to the fact of God in her associates. But such halfway measures now that she is "homesick for God" will not suffice. On a third visit to Kendal (Vaughn's husband and children are with her on this trip) the Hills decide to settle down among the Quakers, where Vaughn will write advertising copy for the radio corporation which Philip Ludlow heads, to give the inner light, of which Vaughn has her first experience on this third trip, a chance to grow and brighten in them all.

Such is the conversion of which "Diligence in Love" tells; a telling which the reader constantly hopes will reach narrative levels of greater depth and significance, will provide characterizations of richer psychological insight, and will finally reveal consequences more profoundly conceived and less facilely reported. For the theme, that of spiritual redemption, is an important one.

Jessamyn West is the author of "The Friendly Persuasion," "Mirror for the Sky," and other stories about Quaker life.

—Lucas & Monroe.

Daisy Newman—"the spiritual change."

—Elliot & Fry.

Charles Williams—"sex is only God."

—Editta Sherman.

Ilka Chase—"squandered her polish."

The Silken People

NEW YORK 22. by Ilka Chase. New York: Doubleday & Co. 308 pp. $3.

By Josephine Lawrence

CRITICS of the mid-Victorian age who frown upon china-painting as a waste of feminine time approve its revival under the label of "ceramics." Similarly, disapproval of adultery as related in the Bible is withdrawn in favor of the more tolerant "affair." The fundamentals of both practices remain the same, proving Mr. Shakespeare's evaluation of names to be correct as usual.

Affairs are the breath of life to the inhabitants of New York's Zone 22 (bordered east and west by the East River and Fifth Avenue, north and south by Sixtieth and Fiftieth Streets). They have money, most of them, they are fashionable if not fastidious, scintillating if not brilliant, sophisticated if not well-bred. Ilka Chase knows them intimately and apparently believes them to be important, perhaps on the theory that glass is just as glittering as gold.

This premise accepted, it should be possible to follow the adventures of Georgiana Goodyear with a reasonably attentive mind. Georgiana at forty-seven has a well-paid job on the staff of a smart woman's magazine. Her husband, Allen, is an editor in a publishing house, and they have a daughter, Karen, a student at Vassar. Georgiana is attracted by Reems Asher, a rising young novelist thirteen years her junior. Husband Allen is attracted by Bierne Honeywell, a secretary-aide employed by a large charitable organization and twenty-five years *his* junior. Reems is in love with an English woman who can't get a divorce from a stubborn husband. And Karen is attracted by Reems.

Quarrels between Georgiana and Allen have become increasingly frequent, when Reems sails for Portugal. Georgiana, already irritated by the fact that Reems's new novel is to be published by a rival of her husband's firm, is determined to follow him. The collapse of her job serves as a plausible excuse. (Since life on the East Side in the right zone is expensive it is necessary for Georgiana to supplement the family income.) She manages to be sent to Paris by another magazine, and she and Reems become lovers. At home Allen and Bierne assume similar roles. The most incredible note in this cozy arrangement is Karen's willingness to champion her father's cause, but, on the other hand, she is shocked to discover her mother's infidelity, reacting, how-

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ever, in a manner to indicate that she has inherited the *savoir-faire* of both parents. Her prompt decision is to enter the competition for the hand of the very wealthy lad she has hitherto discouraged in favor of Reems.

Georgiana, abandoned by Reems when his English sweetheart's prospects of obtaining a divorce take a turn for the better, is ready to resume her position as Allen's wife. He, alas, is determined to marry Bierne and in the end wins out. Georgiana agrees to divorce him as soon as Karen, now happily engaged, marries her young man. It seems that divorced parents tend to complicate elaborate wedding arrangements, which are still fairly conventional.

Miss Chase writes with a waxed finish that results in a high gloss. That she successfully mirrors a segment of the city's life is unquestionably true, but there is also more than a suggestion that she has squandered her polish.

Josephine Lawrence's most recent novel is "The Way Things Are."

Fish, Fishing, and Fishermen

CANDLEMAS BAY. By Ruth Moore. New York: William Morrow & Co. 341 pp. $3.

By Mary Ellen Chase

IN THE late summer of 1941 seine fishing triumphed over the weir intake of herring along many parts of the Maine coast. To one uninstructed in the manners and methods of seiners, seine-boats, and accompanying dories the activities of this form of fishing gave a not unpleasing sense of mystery. The long curves of the cork-floated nets near some rocky shore; the waiting seiner on which silent men went about their odd business from dawn until darkness; the maneuverings of rowboats within the inner and the outer circles of the nets; and the final drawing-in of thousands of shining fish toward the seiner—all these were singular and impressive to one watching from the shore. And not less baffling and impressive was the departure at nightfall of dories from the seiner to steal over dark water with lights in their bows, presumably to spot the great shoals of fish which moved beneath the surface of the sea.

All these mysterious and almost ritual performances are made entirely clear by Ruth Moore in her new novel, "Candlemas Bay." It seems quite safe to say that no mere layman can know more about fishing than she knows—fishing for lobsters, drag fishing, trawling, weir fishing, and seining. Her four novels, "The Weir," "Spoonhandle," "The Fire Balloon," and now "Candlemas Bay," reveal her complete understanding of how Maine fishermen pursue their hardy and dangerous ways and means of life. As a description of this life "Candlemas Bay," like the others, leaves nothing to be desired. It affords excellent, even superb photography.

But as a novel it seems to this reviewer, at least, to lack those qualities which mark the best novels as forms of art rather than as mere stories. In the familiar De Quincey distinctions Miss Moore teaches the reader admirably, but she seldom moves him. Her matter is all; her manner is not only undisciplined, it is neglected. There is plenty of information but too little enrichment, much explanation but almost no insight. One wishes for more of that artistic restraint which made "The Weir" a fine achievement, for more of the power of the author and less of the recalcitrance of her characters. There are far too many of them, and they are either types rather than individuals or crowded so closely on her canvas that they become unmanageable and intrusive. If the six children, who never become real or even necessary to the story, and certain of the "summer people," who are almost incredible in their stupidity, had been deleted in order to make room for the chief characters whose story the book actually is the stature of these might have been increased. As it is they are constantly dimmed both by far too many inconsequential rivals and by too frequent minor incidents.

"Candlemas Bay" will doubtless be more popular than "The Weir" or than "Spoonhandle." Yet one makes this statement with regret. For although the book is crammed with romantic excitement of every variety and upon occasion, as in the drowning of Guy Ellis on Weaver Ledge, rises to real power and distinction, it is taken as a whole wanting in those values which raise a mere story above itself and transform adroit craftsmanship into at least a measure of literary art.

A Snow So Deep, A Snow So Wide

By Daniel Whitehead Hicky

WHOSE prints these are across the snow
I cannot say; I do not know.
But journeying this path alone
With silence on the heart like stone,
I hope that I can overtake
Him traveling through wind and flake,
A lonely shadow in a night
So brittle that it snaps with white
Where fir and spruce and alder bend
Beneath the fingers of the wind.

I must catch him if I can
And speak a word or two. No man
Has eyes enough to witness all
This blinding rush of petal-fall—
A snow so deep, a snow so wide
It takes a county in its stride,
Making a heaven where none was
Of cattle lanes and meadow grass—
And tell it clearly, eye to eye,
Without his word being called a lie.

I'll need him in a time or two
To bear me out tonight was true:
Each snowflake knowing where to go,
This music of my feet on snow
And pines and firs along the way
Shining there as proud as day,
Each cabin white and glittering
As though inside there slept a king—
And overhead, through wind and flake,
A word that makes the silence break,
A voice I knew I'd never hear,
But speaking soft and crystal-clear.

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—From the jacket of "Farewell to Otterley."

Fountains & the Welfare State

FAREWELL TO OTTERLEY. By Humphrey Pakington. New York: W. W. Norton & Co. 256 pp. $3.

By Walter Havighurst

ONE OF the great country houses of Severnshire, Otterley had been a landmark for generations. Now under the Welfare State it stood as solid and gracious as in the serene years of Queen Victoria but, like the neighboring mansions of Warnedon Abbey and Upton Park, it was gravely threatened. It belonged to a vanished England; it would have to be allotted to the Midland Gas Board or used as a Retreat for Clergy Widows or sold to the County Council.

This is surely the least significant change brought on by the new State but it is not the least interesting. Mr. Pakington treats it lightly, showing affection for the old landmarks and the old families and showing also their complete obsolescence. The old proprietors are fighting a rear-guard action but they are fighting. When Lady Warnedon arrives at her London hotel it is a moment for stirring memories: "The clatter of horses' hooves, the pungent odors of fresh paint and geraniums, striped awnings in the sun, and white top hats, Roehampton, Lord's, the golden days of yore. Lady Warnedon had arrived!"

The members of the younger generation are different; they have surrendered without a struggle. Young Lord Henry Warnedon is a garage mechanic who likes Western movies and becomes happily engaged to Rosie Sinker, the boss's daughter. For Lady W. this is not only a blow but a problem. There was the notice to put in *The Times*, and Henry saw no reason for not describing Mr. and Mrs. Sinker as of Flat 12a, Magnolia Mansions, 23-87 Woodpecker Road, West Kensington, W. 14. But as Henry didn't care very much and his mother did, her ladyship got her way. The announcement read: "The engagement is announced of Lord Warnedon and Rose, only child of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Sinker." Put like that, Lady W. thought approvingly, it almost sounded as if the Sinkers might be Americans.

The focus of this story, however, is on the Washbournes of Otterley. Throughout his wandering life old Admiral Washbourne had thought of gracious, spacious Otterley as "home," and now in his retirement it was not easy to let it go. If his son Tom could marry an heiress Otterley could be maintained. But when Tom meets Patricia Barton, a penniless young architect, he thinks of Otterley not at all. He is of the new generation.

In this shifting comedy of manners Mr. Pakington includes a number of people, moving them about with effortless ease. They meet in London and at Severnhampton, in trains, in stations, wherever and whenever it suits his story. In the end Lord Warnedon marries the garageman's daughter, Tom Washbourne takes his penniless bride on an extended business mission to America, and the old admiral has a last look around the dismantled mansion.

The people are not in scale with the great houses that mark the pleasant Severnshire landscape, and their fortunes are not so arresting. Upton Park had survived the storm of modern history, but barely. The First World War had gravely reduced the footman-power and restricted the playing of the fountains to eight hours a week. The Second World War had turned its park into a dairy and its kitchen gardens into a commercial venture. Postwar taxes opened its great rooms to the public for two-and-six a head, half-price for children. And when the last van moved away from stately Otterley the county took it over for an agricultural college.

Of Moral Wreckage

THE BROKEN ROOT. By Arturo Barea. Translated by Ilsa Barea. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 308 pp. $3.50.

By Herschel Brickell

THE AUTHOR of this novel, his first, fought on the Republican side in the Spanish Civil War and is now living in London. His autobiography, "The Forging of a Rebel," remains one of the best and most revealing of all the books written about Spain's blood-bath, and he has also to his credit a fine study called "Lorca: The Poet and His People."

Señor Barea undertakes to depict some of the aspects of life as he believes it is now being lived in his hapless country. The picture he presents is a shocking one of universal official corruption and of an infinitude of black-market and crooked exchange operations. In general what he writes checks closely with what has been noted by other and more detached observers.

There are obvious flaws in Señor Barea's talent as a novelist that make one uncertain of his future as a writer of fiction. His most notable success lies in his convincing account of what can happen to a country when circumstances play with full force upon the historical weaknesses of a government and a people. What he gives us is the appalling glimpse of a landscape strewn with the wreckage of a whole moral structure.

His story is that of a Spanish "little man," Don Antolin, who fled to London after fighting against Franco, leaving his family behind in Madrid. After ten years, during which he has become a head waiter and saved a thousand pounds, he decides to go home, answering the pull of duty and leaving behind a comfortable English mistress.

He finds his family in a situation that might well have daunted a much stronger character. His wife, whom he has long ago ceased to love, is well on her way to insanity, and his daughter, a hypochondriac, is determined to enter a convent to escape her troubles. There are two sons—Pedro, who has moved on from cocaine vending to being a pimp and small-time black marketeer and is the family provider, and Juan, a mechanic devoted to Communism.

To these harassed people Don Antolin is a mere stranger with money. The whole atmosphere within and without the house reeks of greed and selfishness exacerbated by desperation. Pedro betrays his brother to the

(*Continued on page 38*)

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Personal History.

No matter how useful or admirable a man's life, his name is likely to slip into oblivion after he is gone unless he has the luck to attract an able biographer—or the foresight to write a notable autobiography. For example, Ignaz Philipp Semmelweis, the Hungarian physician whose discovery of childbed fever was one of the great events of medicine, was not widely known to the American public until Morton Thompson made him the subject of a fine novel, "The Cry and the Covenant" [SRL *Nov. 5, 1949*]. *Now Dr. Frank G. Slaughter repairs the lack further with a biography, "Immortal Magyar" (page 21). The true significance of the career of so great a singer and actress as Ethel Waters might easily have been lost sight of if Charles Samuels had not come along to help her tell her story in "His Eye Is on the Sparrow" (below).*

It Had God in It

HIS EYE IS ON THE SPARROW. By Ethel Waters with Charles Samuels. New York: Doubleday & Co. 278 pp. $3.

By Harrison Smith

ETHEL WATERS's "His Eye Is on the Sparrow" is so vital and honest and revealing a study of the life and nature of an artist that it cannot be compared in its emotional impact to any book since Irving Stone's 1934 biography of Vincent van Gogh, "Lust for Life."

It might truly be said that Ethel Waters made herself, beginning with the years of her childhood in the dilapidated shacks in the slums of Pennsylvania small towns near Philadelphia. The story of her growth to womanhood is at the same time awesome and terrible to contemplate and yet curiously ennobling, as significant of all the suppressed and suffering people who have struggled out of the morass and into fulfillment.

Consider the case of this woman. She was the illegitimate child of a mother who had been raped and then abandoned. Her grandmother, who throughout her life worked in the kitchens of white families in Philadelphia, fought relentlessly to keep her charge from harm. By the time the child was six she knew all the foul words and everything there was to know about sex in the raw. She scavenged for food everywhere, an outsize girl who was as wild and fierce as a hawk; but she danced and sang in the streets like a gypsy or a dirty little elf. Somehow she managed to get a primitive education, and she learned to love her grandmother, who always found the money to pay the rent. Little Ethel became a thief who was never caught; she was always half-starved. But then she got religion, believed in God's love, and trusted in it all her life. She married when she was thirteen and stayed with a brutal and inconstant husband until she could endure him no longer.

Ethel was seventeen when she ran into the first big day of her life. It happened in the back room of Jack's Rathskeller in Philadelphia, where she sang at the usual noisy Halloween party. Somehow she had developed a bell-like and resonant voice and she was a miraculous shimmy-shaker for so tall and thin a girl. "I sure knew how to roll and quiver, and my hips would become whirling dervishes." But that night the noisy and obstreperous crowd was moved by her rich, young voice when she sang that tearful ballad "When You Are a Long Way from Home." It was the first step toward the star's dressing room at New York's Empire Theatre. In a short time she was being billed as "Sweet Mama Stringbean, Direct from St. Louis and Singing 'Saint Louis Blues' "—the first woman to give voice to that wonderful, melancholy song.

—From the end-papers of the book.

Ethel Waters—"the written word endures."

It was an incredibly tough and hard life, singing and dancing in noisy and smoke-filled bars and backstreet theatres, terrified by racial hatreds and by white managers who called her a "nigger bitch." At one time she was crushed under a wrecked automobile, and two whites refused at first to help her. "The more dead niggers there are the better I like it," one of them said. A white nurse and a doctor saved her leg and perhaps her life.

When she had recovered Ethel Waters had her first glimpse of the Negro performer's El Dorado. She went to Harlem, where she sang and shimmied at Edmund's Cellar, which harbored a great drummer, a pianist, and a guitar player who could keep going in his sleep. She composed and sang melancholy blues of her own, and soon the dingy place was crowded. In a few months she was making top prices in Negro vaudeville houses.

Ethel Waters had always kept out of the white world; she feared it. She liked being a Negro, though she hated prosperously upstage colored folks wherever she met them. It was inevitable that she should finally break into Broadway when the all-Negro musical comedies became the rage. She rose to fame like a balloon; she was ready for it, for unconsciously she had become herself, a woman whose voice accented the misery and the triumph of her race. Then came her magnificent acting in "Mamba's Daughters." And after that, for some reason she could never comprehend, came the deluge. Within two years, in debt, Ethel Waters was living in a cellar in Harlem and performing once more in bars.

There came a magnificent chance, the last she might have. The fact that she twice turned down the fine part of the colored cook in "The Member of the Wedding" speaks for her courage and her honesty as an artist. The part as it was originally written "did not have God in it," she told the producers. Eventually she re-created the role and put God into it with a vengeance. And now she has written, with the assistance of Charles Samuels, one of the most moving biographies of this decade, which will give her the kind of immortality that is denied to even the most inspired actresses, for the echoes of the words spoken on the stage die with the actors; the written word endures. And she has also managed to help everyone who reads the book to understand her people's sufferings, their courage, and their claim to respect and admiration.

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Not for Bread Alone

THE VICIOUS CIRCLE: The Story of the Algonquin Round Table. By Margaret Case Harriman. New York: Rinehart & Co. 310 pp. $3.

By JOHN T. WINTERICH

A BOOK on China (either China) should obviously be assigned for review to someone who has studied China or lived in China or visited China or at least heard of China—this on the reasonable theory that it takes an expert to snag an expert. In the instance of "The Vicious Circle," which has nothing to do with China, I can qualify as an expert only to the extent that I was a guest at the Algonquin Round Table not over three times, that the latest of those three times was at least twenty-five years ago, that (with a single exception presently to be noted) I have only the vaguest recollection of who might have been present on any of the three occasions (if there actually were so many as three), and that I recall only a single brief fragment (and that completely divorced from context) out of all the dialogue I must have listened to and for all I know to the contrary participated in. It would be tough constructing an autobiography out of *that.*

That single fragment of dialogue was uttered by Herman J. Mankiewicz, whom I had never met before and have never met since. I have forgotten what he was talking about or whom he was talking to, but he said with some vehemence, "It dates so!" He said it two or three times.

The phrase, as I think even Mr. Mankiewicz will admit, lacks something of the durability of "There's rosemary, that's for remembrance" or "You may fire when you are ready, Gridley." The only reason I do remember it so vividly after a quarter of a century is that it hit me at the time with the impact of revelation. Here was an old word in new clothes. I was familiar with *date* as a verb transitive—an archeologist dated a civilization, a stenographer dated a letter—but *date* as a verb intransitive was something outside my admittedly limited experience. For three or four days after that I went to elaborate lengths to work it into my conversations.

"The Vicious Circle" dates, but it is meant to. It is authentic, firsthand, primary-source history. The fact that it is written with a light touch, with a deft hand, with an abundance of anecdotage, with high readability, and with equally high amiability does not alter this fact. Of the anecdotes, some are significant and some are memorable and some only prove that on occasion West Forty-fourth Street could sprout as fine a crop of corn as the richest acre in Iowa. It does not matter. It is good to have everything gathered together in one place—a sort of grand canon of the Algonquin.

Heywood Broun—"grand canon."

Alexander Woollcott—"anecdotage."

—*Drawings by Al Hirschfeld from the book.*

Harold Ross—"*sui generis.*"

Mrs. Harriman, whose father, Frank Case, operated the establishment (and subsequently wrote memoirs that are essential collateral reading), recalls the pre-Round Table occasion when Lady Gregory shocked everybody, including the management, by smoking a cigarette in the lobby. Well before the Round Table the Algonquin was host to notables; when the Round Tablers first gathered they did not themselves break down into a high notability content. It was a modest non-notable, a soft-spoken theatrical press agent and occasional slick-paper story writer named John Peter Toohey, who deserves the accolade of The Founder. Toohey admired the Algonquin's angel cake. (I am glad Mrs. Harriman calls it angel cake and not angel-food cake.) Toohey told Alexander Woollcott about the angel cake, and the Algonquin Round Table, if not born, was at least in gestation.

The thing, then, was not an inspiration that became overnight an institution. Mrs. Harriman is at pains to point out the casualness of its origin and growth. Every eating place in the world equipped with any appointment less anti-social than a lunch-counter, every waterfront beanery, and every faculty club has its round table. What made the Algonquin Round Table *sui generis* was the fact that professional affinity and a genuine community of interests (both the common attributes of round tables) brought together after the First World War, and in some degree because of it, a group of men whose eventual accomplishments in the fields of the theatre, the book, the periodical, the arts of the word in general, would be memorable and would survive — survive, that is, in unbelievably heavier ratio than one would have any right to expect out of such an informal assemblage. And even more important for Mrs. Harriman's purposes the Round Table itself would become a powerful instrument, perhaps the dominant instrument, in the effectuation of that survivability. This, after all, is something of vaster moment than the good lines that circulated over the chicken Tetrazzini and the peach Melba (must one be a diva to achieve memorialization on a blue-plate luncheon?). Many of the original Round Tablers (Toohey, Woollcott, Broun, Benchley) are now one with Yorick, who himself was wont to set the table on a roar. It would be profitable to come back to the Algonquin Round Table, say in the year 2019, a century after its founding, and to discover how many of the original numbers had become established in the hierarchy of permanence—it is my own conviction that the proportion will be high. Mrs. Harriman's pleasant chronicle should make engaging rereading then, just as it makes engaging reading now.

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An Essayist in Persuasion

THE LIFE OF JOHN MAYNARD KEYNES. By R. F. Harrod. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 656 pp. $7.50.

By JACOB VINER

THIS biography of an economist by another economist contains a good deal of technical economics. Economists are not as a rule exciting persons, nor are their lives specially interesting except to other economists, nor do they have any particular gift for writing biography. Despite all this, here is a book to be recommended strongly to the general reader as one which he will find engrossing, esthetically rewarding, and intellectually stimulating. It is an unusual biography of an unusual man who lived an exceptionally rich and varied life.

Lord Keynes was primarily an economist and a university don, but he was a surprisingly large number of other things as well. He first won distinction as a probability theorist. He was at various times top-level civil servant, investment banker and insurance-company executive, promoter of the theatre and the ballet, diplomat and international negotiator, newspaper correspondent, journalist and editor, master of English prose, book and picture collector, orator, politician, and elder statesman, highly successful stock-market and commodity speculator, farm operator, treasurer of a college, and intimate and patron of a large circle of top-flight English literati and artists — the Bloomsbury Set and their affiliates.

In almost all of these activities Keynes made his mark, a distinctive and durable one. He was before he died indisputably the world's most famous economist — many would say the world's most original and greatest economist. This book is thus the biography of a genius of diverse gifts and interests and one of complex and forceful personality, with a capacity to enlist devotion and discipleship — and to excite anger and hostility.

R. F. Harrod, himself a distinguished economist, knew Keynes intimately, was associated with him in many of his activities, knew most of the persons who figure prominently in this biography, has a wide range of interests and skills, had unlimited access to Keynes's private papers, and has diligently collected reminiscences and records throwing light on Keynes's personality and career. Affection for and admiration of his subject combined with a genuine literary gift have enabled Harrod to compose from these memories and materials a magnificent biography, revealing, moving, and in most respects convincing.

Harrod does not explicitly deny that Keynes had faults both of personality and of intellect, but his concern is with the greatness of the man; and he sees to it that Keynes should posthumously also get the better of practically every argument—as he did generally in life.

Keynes was a magnificent, almost an invincible, debater. His career as economist and in public life was largely devoted to a crusade against what he regarded as the ideas of a dead past and the stupid men who were keeping these ideas alive. Most of what he wrote was controversial in actual fact and written in controversial manner. Like the title of one of his books, "Essays in Persuasion," his whole career was largely an essay in persuasion, not of his opponents, whom he commonly regarded and treated as beyond redemption, but of the unprofessional public and the as-yet-uncommitted younger professionals, whose minds and wills he was trying to capture for his causes.

Keynes probably contributed more than any other one person to the abandonment by England of its most important legacies from the classical tradition: the belief in the gold standard, in free trade, in free competition, in private and public frugality and thrift, and in a moderately cosmopolitan approach to international economic problems. Toward the end of his life, however, Keynes was undergoing a partial reconversion and was not only rededicating himself to the values of his intellectual ancestors but even finding fault with his own disciples, both English and American, for taking his own technical contributions too seriously and for applying them too mechanically to the problems of the postwar world. Harrod should have given us more on this last phase of Keynes's record.

When Keynes's economic contributions have been shaken down to their proper weight and relevance it will be found, I am convinced, that economics has been permanently enriched because of him. I am not convinced, however, that the final result of Keynes's application of his unequaled power of advocacy to the overturn of the classical tradition in economics will be to make this a better or safer world to live in. Keynes was a great man but he was also at a number of critical moments in recent history—from 1919 to 1939—a greatly wrong man.

But read the book and judge the man for yourself. Harrod presents the evidence fairly, as abundantly as was practicable in a single sizable volume, and in a manner which makes fascinating reading.

Jacob Viner is professor of economics in Princeton University. His books include "Trade Relations Between Freemarket and Controlled Economics" and "Studies in International Trade."

"Of course I'm familiar with your book—it's sort of Nile green, isn't it?"

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Crime Story

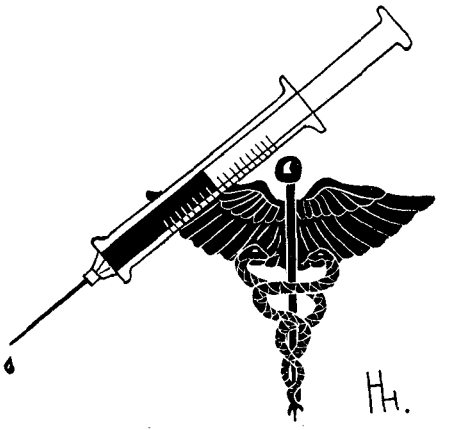
IMMORTAL MAGYAR. By Frank G. Slaughter. New York: Henry Schuman. 211 *pp.* $3.50.

By Martin Gumpert

IGNAZ PHILIPP SEMMELWEIS was twenty-eight years old when he became a resident at the First Obstetrical Hospital in Vienna. The Viennese medical school was then, in 1846, at the height of its fame. But to give birth to a child in the First Obstetrical Hospital was almost equivalent to a sentence of death. The mortality at the Second Obstetrical Hospital—where only midwives were taught—was much lower. At the First, however, where doctors and students commuted freely between the dissecting rooms and the operating rooms of the hospital, thousands of women died helplessly of childbed fever. Semmelweis described the terrible fear of mothers whom fate had sent to the First Hospital: "Women with uncountable pulse rates . . . gravely ill assured me a few hours before death that they were entirely well, in order to escape treatment by the physicians, because they realized that such treatment was the forerunner of Death." In 1847 Semmelweis's friend the pathologist Kolletschka died of an infection which followed an accidental injury during a dissection. Semmelweis saw that his friend's symptoms were identical with those of his recently delivered mothers. The discovery of the contagious nature of childbed fever was made.

What followed is one of the most tragic chapters of medical history. Semmelweis invented the washing of the hands as a prophylactic measure against infection, undoubtedly one of the greatest advances in the art of healing. He was able to prove that the use of a disinfecting chlorine solution reduced the mortality of his patients to a fraction. But almost nobody believed him.

This benefactor of mankind actually was soon considered a hated enemy of the medical profession. His life was spent in a violent battle, fighting the ignorance and malice of the professors. The originally good-natured, serene physician changed into a bitter martyr. In 1861 he wrote in a letter: "In this massacre you, Herr Professor, have participated. This homicide must cease . . . I shall keep watch . . . For me there is no other means of checking the murder than unsparingly to unmask my opponents; and no one whose heart is in the right place will



blame me for making use of this means."

Four years after that he was lured, with the help of two physician friends, into an insane asylum. He was confined to a straitjacket and put in a dark room. A few days later he died of an infected wound on the middle finger of his right hand, apparently the result of his last gynecological operation. He died of the disease which he had fought all through his life.

It was at about the same time that Robert Mayer, the discoverer of the law of the conservation of energy, was kept in a madhouse by an imbecile doctor. Nothing is more dangerous than to challenge the pride of the experts in their little hoard of pseudo-truth. The claim of genius has again and again in the history of science encountered a primitive resentment which, even in less vicious form of passive resistance, may bring tragedy and destruction to the greatest of discoverers.

Frank G. Slaughter, distinguished surgeon and distinguished author, has written this first English biography of Semmelweis. He has given a thorough, undramatized, moving report of one of the greatest dramas of medicine. This is a tense crime story in which stupidity hunts the innocent hero to the bitter end—and every single chapter of it really happened.

Martin Gumpert, a New York physician, is author of "Dunant: The Story of the Red Cross," "Trailblazers of Science," and other books.

Solution of Last Week's Double-Crostic (No. 886)

LIN YUTANG:
[ON] *THE WISDOM OF AMERICA*

The Big Five are about as unanimous as five hedgehogs . . . underground . . . on a winter night; they huddle together for warmth and self-assurance as far as they dare without feeling each other's quills and separate again . . . in contact later.

Personal History Notes

BERTRAND RUSSELL, O. M.: A Pictorial Biography. By Harry W. Leggett. Philosophical Library. $3.75. A laudatory but not wholly uncritical biographical sketch of a great living philosopher and mathematician by an admiring friend. Writing smoothly over what has been an unusually bumpy life for a man of reflection, the author manages in seventy-eight pages to give his subject a breathing personality which longer biographies too often fail to do. But in so short a compass Mr. Leggett barely touches and even more sparsely analyzes Russell's important work.

This, however, is not necessarily a shortcoming. Russell has penetrated an unconscionably large number of speculative waters and always to fairly profound depth. Mr. Leggett indicates where you can dive in and find Russell's well-known unorthodoxy at its most stimulating and controversial. To this book's credit, as with few biographies, it intrigues you into wanting to know more about its principal character. And if it leads some readers direct to Bertrand Russell the world will be richer for this effort.

On the pictorial side Mr. Leggett is less successful. Philosophers are somewhat sedentary fellows and thus offer few fascinations to the action-hungry camera.

—Peter R. Levin.

HIGH TIME TO TELL IT. By Mary Alves Long. Duke University Press. $3.50. Miss Long has written a long and detailed memoir which no student of domestic life in this country during the Civil War years and just after can possibly afford to miss. When she was born in 1864 the family then living on the big Randolph County plantation in North Carolina already numbered seventeen, including brothers and sisters, plus the orphaned nieces and nephews, various aunts, grandparents, and kin whom her hospitable but impoverished parents regarded as inevitably welcome in the crowded house.

Thanks to Miss Long's vivid memory we have in this book a delightfully intimate and exact picture of life in the country during those hard years, of the subterfuges to which housekeepers might be driven, of the simple pleasures, the homemade necessities, and the rare luxuries.

Only second to her record of the years on the plantation for interest is that of her attendance at the Peace Institute in Raleigh, North Carolina. Miss Long gives full credit for all that was to be of value to her later

(*Continued on page* 32)

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In Union, Strength

IN a world which bristles with problems that defy even the expert it is inevitable that the public mind should fall into the quicksands of confusion if not into a slough of despond. In war, issues are clear cut, action regimented, the objective definite. But in peace—even in the quasi-peace which has been the uneasy status of the nations since the conclusion of World War II—the individual is once again thrown upon his own, with the latitude as well as the obligation to make decisions, without the checks and balances on policy and action which desperate emergency had dictated, and deprived of the spur to morale which the common need for the common defense had engendered. In a time of fearful possibilities such as the present opinion is let loose to shift with every menacing wind that blows, while out of the debates of the mighty come counsels violently in disagreement with one another.

This difference of views and turmoil of discussion are part of the democratic process, to be sure. They are its distinction, indeed. But if they are its distinction, they are also its danger; for nations, like individuals, must have some pattern of life, some goal consciously embraced to lend direction and strength to their course. Every American believes himself dedicated to an ideal, that of the right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. His nation was founded on that belief, and on it America grew to a prosperity such as the world has never known. It was never a static belief—it had in it always a propulsive fervor, a desire to extend to less fortunate peoples of the world the blessings enjoyed by its own. For over two centuries and a half America never doubted that its principles could be spread by the contagion of thought and example, that it could extend the beneficence of its faith while maintaining the security of its isolation. Only now at long last has it faced up to the realization that the American dream to endure must cast off the self-sufficiency of its past and move forward into a federated world.

We have traveled a far way from the days of 1914 when the United States looked across the seas to a Europe whose struggle seemed none of its own. Two wars and sudden elevation to preponderance of power among the nations have convinced even the most reluctant that whether we will or no the affairs of the wider world must henceforth involve the United States. Isolationist or interventionist, all alike know that America's old insularity has gone.

But if there is general acceptance of this fact, there is a welter of opinion as to the course which national security and international amity demand, the manner and extent of aid essential to maintaining the status of the democratic nations, the means to blunting the edge of the Communist advance without precipitating war with the Communist power; on these and a hundred other aspects of national policy there is no agreement, only the widest disagreement. When government officials and military and political experts are at odds as to what course to pursue the poor, bewildered citizen, unversed in the intricacies of diplomacy, lacking more than superficial knowledge of the problems of the past that condition the present, caught in the swirl of politics and political expediency, can hardly do other than feel himself helpless and adrift. With the best will in the world he sees no way to make his weight count in a situation which he knows means not only his happiness but his life.

In the older days of the Republic the American had a forum for debating his problems in the town meeting or the crossroads store or the village green, upon which the crackerbarrel philosopher held forth. In the give and take of informal discussion he enlarged his knowledge and clarified his opinions. Today it is principally take and little give with the average man and woman. The lecture platform, the radio, the motion picture—these with the pulpit and the press—are the dominant means for disseminating information. And from them pours a diversified stream of fact and conjecture, some of it enlightening, much of it confusing. It is the heterogeneity that confounds the listener.

UNDOUBTEDLY there is high value even in the miscellany of facts and theories that are hurled about, if only because they arouse in him an awareness of the gravity and complexity of current problems. Anything that sets up an intellectual ferment is of consequence. But to make that intellectual ferment significant something more than helter-skelter stimulus is necessary. Herein rests the importance of such movements as world federalism or Atlantic Union or any other of the many associations dedicated to the development of peaceful relations between nations and the preservation of individual liberty. Whether they agree in their particular policies or even in their specific aims, whether they are utopian or severely practical, so long as they fasten the public mind on the portentousness of the crisis that confronts mankind, so long as they make the people an arm of government by rendering them articulate through group representation they serve the cause of democracy and humanity. The individual as an individual may be powerless to shape events; the sum of the individuals of a nation organized together in high endeavor may well be potent enough to lead the world out of the shadow of war into lasting peace.

—A. L.

Thoughts in an Easter Pew

By Christopher Morley

WOMEN are at their loveliest
When they've been somewhat beaten about
And how I relish a comely friend,
A housewife in pliocene Connecticut
Who says "No wonder New England women
Love going to church; it's the only time
They have a chance to sit down."

And she adds, only part-smiling,
"How else would I ever
Get to wear my new bonnet?"

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Homosexual Department

SIR: After reading Gore Vidal's review of Fritz Peters's "Finistère" [*SRL* Feb. 24] I am impelled to ask you, with the desperation born of fatigue, whether it would not be possible from now on to corral the ever more recurrent reviews of books by, for, of, and about homosexuals to some department set aside under the heading of—let us say—"Sweet Are the Uses of Perversity"? There in happy seclusion The Boys could take in each other's laundry and babble to their hearts' content about awareness and integrity and The Doom That Awaits Us All; while the rest of us, benighted souls that we are, would be thus warned away from yet one more notice that here again the Kinsey Report has been rewritten in terms of "the young explorers." I say this, believe me, without any prejudice toward homos, the Report, Vidal, Peters, or your fine magazine; it's just that ahm so ti-uhd of itall.

RUTH EDGAR MALONE.

Pasadena, Calif.

Frank to Excess

SIR: Today in English class (I'm a college freshman) we were discussing the common notion of today that it is good for us to suffer, to see how the "other side lives." We remarked on the fact that rawness and vulgarity are emphasized so much in our ever-widening culture that life is getting back to nature. Whereupon we began to talk about contemporary books and their glorification of vulgarity as being representative of life. Norman Mailer's "The Naked and the Dead" was brought up, and a controversy followed, with the majority agreeing that it was nothing more than a book trying to be sensational, trying to introduce the epitome of four-letter words into American writing. We felt that regardless of its literary merits this false rawness, excessive cursing, and "outspokenness" was not representative of most people, Army or no. I found that I was not alone in leaving the book unfinished; that a four-letter word said once is as effective as said 10,000 times.

And now comes James Jones. His book is "not a book to be left lying around," not "for sheltered readers," is "written with merciless clarity," full of "monosyllables and four-letter words." We are off once again. I think I can anticipate the book, though I shall try by all means to read it. But if the use of the up-and-coming four-letter word is what is needed to make a book lifelike, then I prefer to read unreal and dead books. Today's frankness is franker than I care to have it. I presume that most people want literature and not pornography.

HAROLD FROMM.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

Religion Without Special Pleading

SIR: In "Man Is the Measure" [*SRL* Feb. 10] Dean Liston Pope tells us that man's problem today is himself. This would seem to be true. Dean Pope implies, further, that religion can do something about it, that it can increase man's "moral and spiritual stature." Could we have another article telling us *how* religion might do this? Mr. Pope writes like a civilized man. I would like to hear more from him, for I feel he would omit the special pleading, begged questions, nonsequiturs, sentimental verbiage, unctious platitudes, appeals to authority, outbursts of emotional righteousness, and so on that constitute the stock in trade of the many uncivilized men talking about the world and religion in these desperate days.

ADAM A. WATSON.

Norwich, Conn.

"He wants a different ending, but what can I do—it's my autobiography!"

Guedalla on Strachey

SIR: Your readers may be interested in what the late Philip Guedalla once wrote me about his one meeting with Lytton Strachey, author of "Eminent Victorians":

> It was at a small lunch party given by Edmund Gosse. Someone suggested to Strachey that he ought to write the life of Charles Dickens; and his voice (if that was the right name for a treble so weak and shrill as his) replied plaintively, "But one would have to *read* his novels!"
>
> As I am a common person, I was not favorably impressed.

CYRIL CLEMENS.

Webster Groves, Mo.

On Lehmann's Retirement

SIR: Irving Kolodin's article on Lotte Lehmann's farewell at Town Hall [*SRL* March 3] was "music to *my* ears." This is simply a letter of warm thanks. I am ordinarily not an impulsive letter writer, but his article said what many of us would wish to say, were we able to express our thoughts and feelings as clearly when caught by a genuine emotion. Those of us who have followed Madame Lehmann's art here and abroad are in her debt while memory lasts. Now we also owe a debt to Irving Kolodin for conveying in words the deep gratitude we feel for the joy this superlative artist has given and our regret that we may no longer see and hear her on the stage.

MRS. AUGUST BELMONT.

New York, N. Y.

The Fitzgerald Myth

SIR: The recent flood of literary commentary, almost all of it laudatory, concerning F. Scott Fitzgerald invites a minority estimate. The spokesman for the Jazz Age is one of the most overrated figures in American letters.

Just where Mr. Fitzgerald's brilliance is to be found remains a mystery to me after having sampled his writings, both of the early variety and the later vintage. His much-vaunted style leaves me cold. At best it is merely slick, and never has it the concentrated depth of stylistic geniuses as different as Pascal and Wilde. He did not possess a gift for storytelling in the manner of many a nineteenth-century figure who is still read with enjoyment today. His characters are drawn from a very limited milieu and he fails to relate them to anything of universal human appeal. Mr. Cowley ["Fitzgerald: The Double Man," *SRL* Feb. 24] points out that Fitzgerald was never a man of deep thought and learning. One can easily verify this by a perusal of his stories, for never is there a hint of the profound. To me his single merit is what Mr. Cowley calls his "doubleness," by which he is his novels' tragic hero and severest critic at the same time. Since he lacked true depth I do not

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think that this quality raises him above the level of mediocrity.

The current Fitzgerald-mania is in itself a thought-provoking manifestation. This cult has grown up in part because of the myth that Fitzgerald and his sympathizers managed to create: the gifted Princetonian who ruined his contribution to American letters by being corrupted by the Jazz Age, only to vindicate himself during his downfall in the Thirties. Here we have the romantic hero of the Twenties. This explains the second reason for the current popularity of Fitzgerald: the tendency, all too prevalent in the present decade, to romanticize and popularize the way of life of the post-World War I era.

LOWELL L. BLAISDELL.

State College, N. M.

SIR: I should like to add a postscript to the reawakened interest in F. Scott Fitzgerald. When "This Side of Paradise" was published I was working my way through college and living with the family of a man who was with Scribner's. He brought home a copy of "This Side of Paradise" and said, "Read this and tell me whether your generation is really like this."

I was told that Fitzgerald submitted the first manuscript in the first person. Maxwell Perkins suggested changing into third person. Fitzgerald refused and tried to have it accepted elsewhere but failed. He came back to Scribner's somewhat chastened and complied with Perkins's suggestions.

When my friends and I read the book we looked at each other in amazement; we found nothing in our lives like it. "So this is what we're supposed to be like," we used to say. "What's the matter with us?"

Alice B. Toklas in an article in *The New York Times*, March 4, 1950, epitomizes what so many others have said: ". . . he gives us a complete picture of his generation." He did nothing of the sort. He gave a complete picture of himself and of the kind of hard-drinking crowd that can be found in any decade. The Twenties, like any other decade, produced thousands of engineers, clerks, writers, doctors, and grocers. Many of us too young to drink before the Volstead Act were too scared of the effects of wood alcohol to drink afterwards.

Scott Fitzgerald because of his pathetic snobbery knew nothing of the many who got their degrees and went to work for twenty or thirty dollars a week. (My first job was with the *New York Sun* at fifteen dollars a week.) Fitzgerald had "A Kiss for Cinderella" dream or complex which he managed to put into practice. It was impossible for him to understand those members of his generation who didn't reach out for what he wanted or felt was his due as the parlor-boarder in their world entitled to the plush and gilt of the royal suite.

All these years I admired and reread his writings. And I grieve for the tragedy of Scott and Zelda Fitzgerald, for the tumult within them, for their false gods and false values, for their inability to bring order out of the chaos in their minds. But I refuse to accept him as the spokesman of my generation. The seed of destruction was in him—not in his generation.

FRANCES ALDER.

Cliffside Park, N. J.

NEW EDITIONS

THOMAS HARDY'S "Tess of the d'Urbervilles," now sixty years old, is available in two new reprints—the Library Edition, imported by Macmillan ($2); and the Modern Library College Edition (65¢), with an introduction in which Carl J. Weber tells the story of the book's publication and reception, and provides a brief glossary of Dorset words. Both reprints perpetuate the revised edition of 1912.

"Tess" is a great novel and like most such novels it has its flaws and faults, for greatness and perfection are seldom found together in fiction. Balzac and Dostoievsky and even Tolstoy on occasion toweringly prove the point. "Tess" has magniloquent passages, weak passages, and passages that are clotted with sentiment thicker than Devonshire cream. It also has its absurdities—the dripping of Alec d'Urberville's blood through bed and floor and ceiling being the most notable specimen of these. But the cumulative rightness of the whole makes fractional defects seem negligible. Like all great novels this masterpiece of Hardy's not only commands the reader's belief and respect but it also fully engages his emotions. We love Tess far better than did Angel Clare and we cannot find it in our hearts to forgive him, as he in the end claimed to forgive her, because we know that it was his conduct, not d'Urberville's, that doomed Tess to inescapable tragedy. Of course, an emotional approach to literature is now unfashionable, but it is only through a union of emotional and intellectual powers that the art of fiction achieves its highest levels and exerts its utmost influence. If the reader is not made to feel he will hardly linger long enough to understand.

Other additions to the Modern Library College Editions — already highly recommended here for their format and textual excellence—are a complete "Thucydides," Edward Bellamy's utopian excursion, "Looking Backward," Stephen Crane's "The Red Badge of Courage," Shelley's "Selected Poetry and Prose," Byron's "Selected Poetry," Browning's "Selected Poetry," and Pope's "Selected Works." All these volumes are well edited and are provided with sound, inviting introductions.

A volume of selections from Pope is also to be found among the new Penguin Books (35¢), and I am pleased to note that the able editor, Douglas Grant, professor of English in the University of Toronto, is only thirty years old. His generation, it would seem, has an ability to appreciate the virtues and beauties of Pope that was denied to most of the teachers at whose feet my generation sat. Let us hope that the ability will be handed on unimpaired. Other new Penguins are J. M. Cohen's fine, recently-done translation of "Don Quixote" ($1); "Four English Comedies"—"Volpone," "The Way of the World," "She Stoops to Conquer," "The School for Scandal" (65¢); three plays of Ibsen's, newly translated by Una Ellis-Fermor—"The Pillars of the Community," "The Wild Duck," "Hedda Gabler" (65¢); Alan Russell's new translation of "Madame Bovary" (65¢); and A. J. A. Symons's "The Quest for Corvo" (35¢). The last is a unique and fascinating book, prized by lovers of literary oddities and eccentric authors—a biography and an account of the attempt to write a biography of the strange, driven creature who signed himself Baron Corvo. It has as much suspense as the best mystery story and as many twists and turns as the Cretan labyrinth.

TWO important newcomers to the low-price field are F. Scott Fitzgerald's "Tender is the Night" (Bantam, 35¢) and Norman Mailer's "The Naked and the Dead" (Signet, 50¢). The first is published in the midst of a Fitzgerald "revival," and, although no survivor of the Twenties could begrudge Scott his second flowering of fame, I am sure that praise of his work now outruns discretion. Only in "Gatsby" and some short stories did he realize his high intentions and he was not the stylistic master that he is now said to have been. Mr. Mailer's story of war is one of the extraordinary books of our day, whatever it may be in the sight of posterity. The author has been denounced as a giver of comfort to Moscow, and his novel has been "resented and repudiated by many thinking, clear-sighted young American veterans." But his characters live, his action is carried forward and sustained with consummate skill and almost unendurable immediacy, and the morale of his platoon is much higher than his severest critics would have us believe.

—BEN RAY REDMAN.

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Seeing Things

GLORIA REDIVIVA

—*Cover design, by Al Hirschfeld, from "Twentieth Century" program.*

Gloria Swanson and José Ferrer—"a race apart."

"THEY sang Gloria's Swansong too soon" was Hy Gardner's quip, but during the past season his gag has proved to be gospel. Miss Swanson was supposed to be through; a performer who had found the silents golden and the talkies silencing. She was history, the moguls had decided, meaning she belonged to the past. Yet one thing seems incontestable. When this year has become only yesterday and Frederick Lewis Allen resurrects its happenings, he will have to point out it was the year during which, among other events perhaps more far-reaching, Miss Swanson amended *sic transit gloria* to read *Gloria in excelsis.*

No one since Peter Grimm has staged such a return. She is the woman who came back; the fallen star who repealed the law of gravity as it operates in the theatre and the movies. "Sunset Boulevard" was the film which had restored her to the Hollywood firmament. Although a few of us were sufficiently out of step to think it a foolish picture and heretical enough to find Miss Swanson's performance in it empty, we might as well have kept our eyes and mouths shut. The nation was pro Swanson. She carried the country and all the movie polls. More important still from the point of view of what is known as the Industry, she broke box office records at the Music Hall and elsewhere. She made personal appearances in thirty-two cities before crowded audiences which were delighted by her own personal appearance.

The young found her young and so did her contemporaries. She was fifty-two and a grandmother yet possessed of the style, the figure, the energy, the appeal, and the beauty which had set her apart a quarter of a century ago in her first heyday. Males of all ages found her easy to look at. So did females. To women in their middle years, however, she was more than chic, gifted, and attractive. She brought them the same kind of encouragement which a season ago Pinza had brought to autumnal men.

Honors came tumbling down upon Miss Swanson. She was summoned to England to appear at the Command Performance. Her name figured as a "must" on those countless lists of "bests" which are drawn up each year. As a final accolade, and one which had never come Bernhardt's or Duse's way, Miss Swanson was chosen Macy's Special Valentine for 1951. A full-page ad in *The New York Times* on February 14 proclaimed, "She's got everything. So has Macy's."

To put it mildly, the season of 1950-51 has been a Swanson year and not only on the screen and radio. Miss Swanson can also count Broadway among her conquests. As a measure of her triumph, consider the standees on foot at every performance to applaud her and José Ferrer (who has also had quite a year) in the fabulously successful production of "Twentieth Century."*

When ANTA first staged this revival of Ben Hecht's and Charles MacArthur's eighteen-year-old farce, the plan had been to keep it running for a modest two weeks. Though in a realistic mood, the directors of ANTA may not have anticipated the beckoning box-office power of their stars. They were aware, of course, of the current magic of Miss Swanson's name. Yet even they must have been surprised when they discovered that, instead of having a hit on their hands, they had a bonanza of Texan proportions. In any case they had to move their offering to another theatre. They were compelled to do so by what for once was really "popular demand." And this popular demand, after three thriving months, has not shown the faintest indication of dwindling. Nor are there any signs that it will do so in the near future unless Hollywood, which is understandably eager to have both Miss Swanson and Mr. Ferrer back, is able to command their services.

When it burst upon New York in 1932 in that different world in which we were all such different people, "Twentieth Century" was an enormously funny burlesque of the theatre and the incredible mortals who are apparently needed to make it credible. Its account of how a well-known but financially impoverished manager, fond of being addressed as "Sire" by his subalterns, contrived to persuade a famous actress to sign a contract during a trip from Chicago to New York on the Twentieth Century Limited was madder than several litters of March Hares.

IT MOVED with the speed of the crack train from which it took its name. It was the kind of irreverent nonsense that could be turned out

**TWENTIETH CENTURY, by Ben Hecht and Charles MacArthur, based on a play by Bruce Millholland. Produced and directed by José Ferrer. Associate producer, Richard Condon. Setting by Wolfgang Roth. Costumes by Noel Taylor. With a cast including Gloria Swanson, José Ferrer, Donald Foster, Robert Strauss, Robert Carroll, etc. Opened at the ANTA Theatre, New York City, December 24, 1950. Moved to the Fulton Theatre January 8, 1951.*

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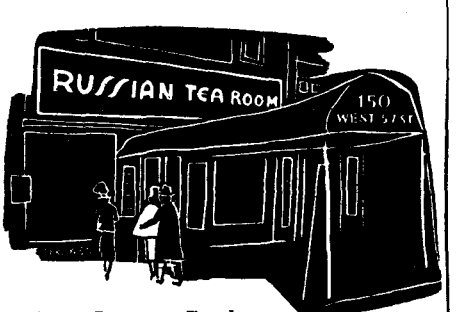
only by the Messrs. Hecht and MacArthur, those Katzenjammer Kids of the theatre, as Jed Harris dubbed them. Although the volcanic temperaments and inexhaustible exhibitionism of a maestro and a star supplied its main theme, it also had its fun with a crackbrained religious enthusiast, two bearded members of a German Passion Play troupe, Broadway's press agents, and even with a timid little business man bold enough to cross a state frontier in the company of his secretary. Its pace was furious and its dialogue, which was uproarious, was studded with lines bearing a welcome resemblance to those nuggets of pure gold which glitter in the speech and prose of the peerless Richard Maney.

If "Twentieth Century" was the delight of the town in that remote and altered universe to which I have referred, may I quickly point out that its power to please audiences remains remarkably unchanged. It continues to be a funny play. But I found that what interested me more than the play was watching what Miss Swanson and Mr. Ferrer were up to.

FARCEURS belong to a race apart. They have as little in common with comedians as comedians have with tragedians. The sky is the limit so far as they are concerned. No holds are barred. Every trick or stunt is for them legitimate if only they can get away with it. And why not? The sole point and justification of a farce is that it be funny. It is a comedy written with a slapstick rather than a pen. Its business is to make us accept the impossible as possible, the deranged as normal, and silliness as a happy substitute for sense.

Doing this requires skill no less than energy, and Miss Swanson and Mr. Ferrer are blessed with both of these. Mr. Ferrer is too young to make the manager as believable as Moffat Johnston did long ago. But no one privileged enough to have seen him in "Charley's Aunt" can be unaware of Mr. Ferrer's prowess as a farceur. His exuberance is enormous, his pace cyclonic, and all the while he is strut-



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Twentieth Century
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ELI WALLACH
Setting designed by BORIS ARONSON • Costumes designed by ROSE BOGDANOFF
Incidental Music by DAVID DIAMOND
Lighting by CHARLES ELSON
Production Associate BEA LAWRENCE
MARTIN BECK, W. 45 St. Evgs. 8:40. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

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ting, mouthing, and striking the attitudes of the impresario whose life is one continuous ham performance he seems to be having as good a time as he is giving.

The relish with which Miss Swanson plays the tempestuous star is equally manifest. If her looks are such as to call forth enraptured oh's and ah's in the auditorium, so is her acting. She sweeps through her scenes like a tornado. If, in spite of being tiny, she creates the illusion of being tall it is because her personality is so sizable. Everything she does she does to the utmost, holding nothing back and refusing to spare herself. Though she may not bother with subtlety, she gets along quite nicely with the obvious. Looking at her we are bound to be carried back to the pre-talkie days since which she has scarcely changed at all. Perhaps it is not surprising that at moments during her performance Miss Swanson uses gestures and expressions which would convey what she wants to say even if she had no spoken words to help her.

Walter Pitkin may have lightened the hearts of Americans by persuading them that life begins at forty. But Miss Swanson has outdone him. She has demonstrated that it can begin again, and with a bang, at fifty-two.

—JOHN MASON BROWN.

SRL Goes to the Movies

THE COUCH ON THE LEDGE—AND OTHERS

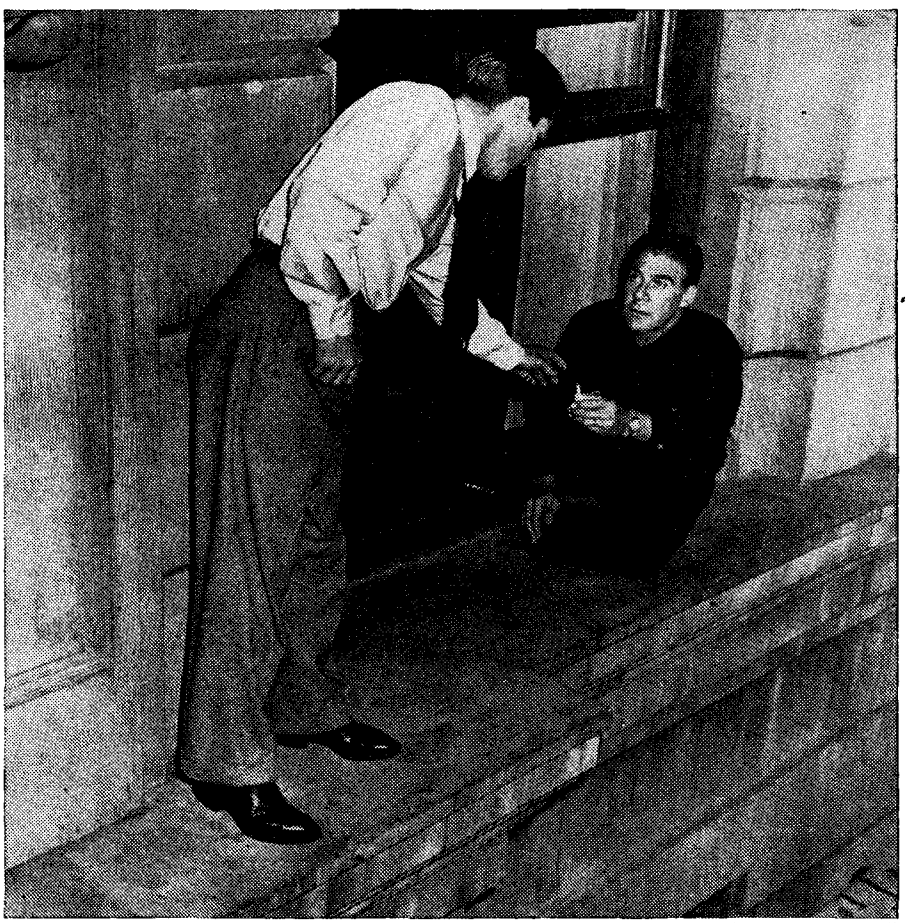
BACK in 1937 a young man stood on the seventeenth-floor ledge of the Gotham Hotel in mid-Manhatton and waited there in considerable indecision for fourteen hours before making the plunge to the street below. A couple of years ago Joel Sayre wrote a vivid reconstruction of this event for *The New Yorker*. He described the efforts to cajole the young man back through the window of the hotel room and the generally upsetting effects of the man on the ledge on activities below. Now Twentieth Century-Fox has come along with a film called "Fourteen Hours" that demonstrates it once again to be the most enterprising of Hollywood's major studios. John Paxton, the screen-writer, made excellent use of the material provided by Mr. Sayre and added some social commentary of his own. It all adds up under Henry Hathaway's fine direction to a remarkable and grueling movie experience.

Mr. Sayre's account focused upon an Irish traffic cop who was able to keep the young man engaged in one of the most exhausting conversations of all time, while the police and fire departments figured out—hopelessly, as it developed—how to get the man off the ledge. Psychiatrists were called in and took turns with members of the young man's family and the traffic cop in attempts to persuade him to come back through the window. They might have succeeded if a fanatical chap who said he was a Protestant minister had not butted in at precisely the wrong moment.

All this is in the film reconstruction, done in 1951 terms. Richard Baseheart plays the young man in question with chilling conviction, and Paul Douglas is first-rate as the traffic cop. There has been some broadening of the story, aimed at showing what impelled the young man to take up his precarious perch in the first place. A couple of bothersome and routine subplots get in the way now and then, but aside from them I think you'll find your attention fixed on the screen pretty grimly for the duration of the film. The motivations for the young man's suicidal urge are considered as relating back to some guilt fixations developed in him in childhood by his mother. You can take this or leave it, but there is no doubt at all that Agnes Moorehead makes the mother-villain wonderfully convincing.

A mother is also at the root of it all in "M," Columbia's remake of the old German horror film that brought Peter Lorre to the attention of Hollywood, which thereafter used him to frighten children and fascinate adults, although never quite so successfully as Fritz Lang was able to use him in what will hereafter be designated as "the old M." The new "M" has been given an American background, and a more human and understandable killer has been substituted for the monster that Peter Lorre portrayed. Otherwise the pattern of the story has been kept fairly intact.

There is a madman at large in a city. He has strangled a number of small children, and the chase for him is unusual in that both the law and the underworld are on the same side. David Wayne is the inconspicuous little man who is the object of the hunt, and while this picture may not do for him what it did for Peter Lorre his acting in its way is on the same superior level. But what gave the old "M" its frightening impact was the nightmarish and corrupt quality of the postwar German background. In



—From "Fourteen Hours."

Richard Basehart and Paul Douglas—"with chilling conviction."

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the new "M" this impact becomes diluted; for all the social and psychiatric comment, one does not so easily accept the super "crime-syndicate" that uses its efficient organizational set-up to track down the killer.

The mixture of documentary realism, simplified psychiatry, and highly charged symbolism becomes almost indigestible after a time, and while the old "M" may have been deficient in explaining how the killer "got that way" I'd say it was still to be preferred to this version. Some talented work has gone into the making of this, nevertheless. The acting is fine and Charles Losey, a director new to Hollywood, has a flair that is very much his own. If you decide to see this one I'd strongly advise against taking the children.

Take them instead to see "Royal Wedding," MGM's latest technicolor musical, which has Fred Astaire once more in brilliant form. There are no unwholesome mothers here, although I hope this is not the reason for the lacklustre quality of the story thread that holds the series of dance and musical numbers together. Jane Powell is Astaire's dancing partner (no romance between them because they're sister and brother) and they attach themselves respectively to Peter Lawford, who plays a member of the British upper classes, and Sarah Churchill, who—surprise!—is distinctly a member of the British lower classes. You won't believe a word of it, but you can hardly help being charmed by the way Mr. Astaire and Miss Powell dance their way through all the fluff. —HOLLIS ALPERT.

SRL Recommends

Fourteen Hours: Reviewed in this issue.

I'd Climb the Highest Mountain: Sentiment with minimum treacle in absorbing ups and downs of itinerant Georgia preacher. One of Heaven's more handsome ushers—but why not? (*SRL* Mar. 3.)

Chance of a Lifetime: Challenged workers accept boss's shoes at farm-implement factory in austerity England, illuminating, without party banners, both sides of labor-management tussle. (*SRL* Mar. 10.)

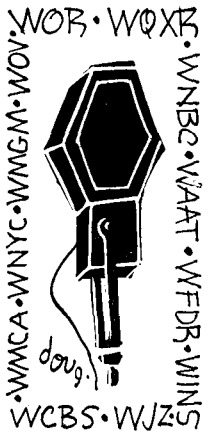
The Sound of Fury: Townspeople, inflamed by circulation-hungry headlines, lynch impoverished man sucked into crime, together with psychopathic killer. Gripping, if somewhat unconvincingly motivated. (*SRL* Feb. 3.)

The Steel Helmet: Despite familiar "characters" and story line, a compelling quickie about the war in Korea. (*SRL* Feb. 3.)

The Halls of Montezuma: Filmed in good but not too glorious Technicolor. Shots of actual Marine-Navy maneuvers laced with taut performances into overpowering climax. (*SRL* Jan. 20.)

TV and Radio

TWO WEEKS OF SUGAR



ROBERT MONTGOMERY played the part of Monroe Starr, a Hollywood producer, in the Lucky Strike TV Theatre's recent production of "The Last Tycoon," F. Scott Fitzgerald's unfinished novel. Producer Starr exchanged some interesting remarks with an English author he had imported to work on a picture.

Replying to the English writer's criticism of the film capital's assembly-line methods Starr said: "It's a condition. Mass production is the American condition for making movies. We take the folklore of a people and hand it back to them; but I'd like to put a little sugar on it—a little honesty, taste, imagination. That's why I hired you—to give me the sugar."

Mass production is also the American condition for producing television programs — which, like motion pictures, are chrome-tipped end products fabricated from the raw materials of folklore. How much of Monroe Starr's "sugar"—honesty, taste, imagination—can TV viewers expect from the younger medium's output, when television operates under pressures that make a Hollywood shooting schedule look like a holiday? How much do they actually get? The following is a report on the amount of "sugar" found in a fortnight's random sampling of some of TV's dramatic programs.

"The Last Tycoon" was unexpectedly rich in that indispensable ingredient. Robert Montgomery is the producer of the Lucky Strike series, and his choice of Fitzgerald's last work was venturesome. Monroe Starr is an authentic American hero, an inspired, tireless genius at making pictures that make money: he is also a lonely man.

Fitzgerald wrote with perceptive honesty of Starr's search for love and of his struggle for studio supremacy against a jealous production rival. The TV adaptation respected the author's approach and—within the limitations of an hour's production with time out for the commercials—communicated it to video with taste and imagination.

The Kraft Television Theatre, which presents its cheese products in a commendably moderate manner on successive Wednesday evenings, provided unequal portions of "sugar" in its last two performances, "Jane Eyre," by Charlotte Brontë, and "The Fortune Hunter," by Winchell Smith. The Brontë study of the triumph of Victorian principle over Victorian passion was the more palatable of the two. John Baragrey was a properly hedonistic, yet worthy — and eventually tragically redeemed — English gentleman. The settings had scope, and the quality of the lighting was rich.

Literary critics might dispute about the degree of folklore represented by the Brontë romance; but as for "The Fortune Hunter" there would be no doubt that this tale was cut whole out of the slick, popular cloth of sentimentality. A well-bred but impoverished young man sets out calculatingly to marry a small-town heiress, falls in love with a Cinderella, befriends her impractical but lovable father, who putters around inventing things when he should be attending to his soda-fountain. Kraft Theatre production quality made it at least agreeable.

The last half of an otherwise tasteful production of Henry James's novel "The Ambassadors" on a Monday night's Studio One broadcast was marred by a questionable change in the author's original ending. The story deals with the emissaries of a staid New England family to its scion, left-banking it at the turn-of-the-century in Paris with a French countess.

Author James had Lambert Strether, the elder ambassador, return to Massachusetts, after failing to disentangle Chad, the scion, from the Continental charmer. The Studio One ending had Chad go home to Woolet, the factory, and the right American sweetheart, while Lambert locks elbows with the Countess in a champagne toast. The switch was deliberate folklore, chauvinistic appeasement of Mom, the great goddess of American TV.

Henry Hull, Oscar Karlweiss, and Ernest Truex, three excellent character actors, wrestled bravely during our fortnight's sampling of TV drama with conventional examples of television folklore—with varying degrees of personal success. Mr. Karlweiss was the most fortunate of the three. He was "The Man Who Bought a Town" on a Sunday evening production of Philco Television Theatre.

The pleasant conceit here was a former immigrant's rescue of a small town, which is condemned to oblivion

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by the removal of the town's only industry from the local factory. The immigrant's (Oscar Karlweiss) love for his town, his naive campaign to bring back the industry to the factory, the sterling qualities-in-crisis of the townspeople, the coming-to-recognition of the hard-boiled young executive—all were fairy tale; but Mr. Karlweiss's sensitive comic gifts rescued the show.

Henry Hull and Ernest Truex were not so well served by their stories on two alternate Friday-night performances of the Ford Theatre Hour. "The Golden Mouth," starring Mr. Hull, was folklore of the downfall-of-evil variety rather than of the triumph-of-good. Mr. Hull played a brilliant, amoral, self-centered underworld lawyer who is rejected by his forensically gifted son and legal partner after the father has successfully thwarted the son's ambition to be a (television!) actor. A performance by Mr. Hull is sugar in any cup of tea, and save for a few ill-advised histrionics his familiar rasping, incisive integrity of characterization gave the hour quality.

Mr. Truex starred in "The Ghost Patrol," as false a bit of folklore about a retired cop as you would wish not to see, by, of all people, Sinclair Lewis. At a time of the Kefauver investigations of national police scandals the producers would have us believe this cloying tale of a gentle old veteran of the Ninth Precinct, who prowls by night, meting out private justice, à la the Scarlet Pimpernel, to little boys who have lost their dogs and older boys just home from reform school.

The capable Mr. Truex rallied his best brogue, made monologues to caged finches; what sugar he could muster to the role was washed away in a low-water mark for Ford Theatre.

Curiously, TV's elder brother, radio, contributed the most generous portion of honesty, taste, and imagination to the fortnight's mass-entertainment assembly-line—the source being William Shakespeare. The Theatre Guild of the Air presented John Gielgud in his own adaptation of "Hamlet." Mr. Gielgud's adapting was not the equal of his performing, but his readings were superb. The entire production was of the highest order.

Lest any one think that TV and radio have suddenly become sugar plantations we hasten to add that our fortnight's sampling included many a nameless dramatic program, hopelessly gaunt for want of a single carbohydrate. Nevertheless, two weeks of channel and dial that can begin with a first-rate TV production of "The Last Tycoon" and end with a memorable radio performance of "Hamlet" is something more than a lollypop.

—Robert Lewis Shayon.

Music to My Ears

THE WEEKS & WORKS OF RUDOLF BING

THE time has come to speak not of cabbages and kings but of the accomplishments that are Rudolf Bing's—to evaluate, that is, the impact of the latest "irresistible" force on what has been for too long an immovable object. To ask, in short, how come, what goes, and is there balm in Gilead as well as Baum in "Cavalleria"?

In the best of all possible operatic worlds each of Bing's twenty-one productions would have shared the style, the integration, the artistic balance of "Don Carlo." This being the Metropolitan, however, that was manifestly impossible. What was possible for Bing to do he did: to give us at the outset a touchstone of his musical and dramatic taste, created if not at leisure at least with sufficient time to achieve a super-Metropolitan result. Thanks to Margaret Webster, to Rolf Gerard, to Fritz Stiedry this "Don Carlo" made us aware of Bing as an opera producer before his first season was fairly started.

For the season that came thereafter Bing had promised much—perhaps too much. For the intent, if not the execution, of "The Flying Dutchman" we are grateful, even if the change from Robert Edmond Jones to Charles Elson could have been avoided. Everyone knows that "Fledermaus" was a lively success. The afterthoughts "Cavalleria" and "Pagliacci" were promoted to the status of *cause célèbre* in some circles, in the mistaken belief that some issue of modernism *vs.* conservatism was involved. Those who found it wanting were not motivated by a lofty concern for the old-fashioned way—in these, of all works—but rather by the feeling that the productions lacked truth and conviction, in a new style, to replace the old.

In all of these Mr. Bing showed a keener awareness of theatrical detail than any person in like position at the Metropolitan in years. There was a staggering job of scenic replenishment to be done fifteen years before, when Johnson came in. In the interests of economy Johnson made only a half-hearted attempt with a "Traviata," a "Lucia," a "Walküre," a "Trovatore." Otherwise, what was then shabby has since become threadbare. The prognosis for next year is good: four productions, probably, of standard works. I don't doubt they will be worth looking at.

In the reworking of the repertory done with old scenery Bing's most notable contribution perhaps was the elimination of a visual annoyance rather than the revelation of new auditory standards. I refer to the practice—nay, the obsession—indulged in by singers of all degrees for thirty years of bowing when and for how long they pleased. As long ago as 1924 Ernest Newman, visiting here, noted with surprise the Metropolitan manners of Gigli "standing with outstretched arms like a picturesque beggar soliciting alms." To correct this seemed beyond the capacity of Johnson, if (having been a singer himself) he deemed it something that required correction. Bing accomplished the welcome reform by posting a series of house rules backstage and empowering their enforcement. When a member of the company was asked how it felt he replied: "If it's the same for everybody what's the difference?"

The difference, however, was considerable for the long-suffering spectator. In fact, when Maria Jeritza fell into a deep curtsy to acknowledge the applause that greeted her appearance at the benefit "Fledermaus" it struck some that she had brought along her own customs as well as her own costumes.

SINCE "Fledermaus" was pivotal in this season on several counts—its sixteen performances were the most for any production ever at the Metropolitan in a single season—its place in the scheme of things may be examined. For long months Bing had defended the idea of giving one work so many times as a method by which to "buy time" for the production of other works. However, ten works, half the repertory, were already on the boards when "Fledermaus" was first given. Among them were a poorish "Faust," an ordinary "Barbiere," a less than sensational "Traviata," and a "Manon Lescaut" improved over its hasty revival of the year before.

Afterward came a good "Rosenkavalier," well-prepared if erratically sung "Cavalleria" and "Pagliacci," and the much-mooted "Ring." Each of the four Wagner works showed the benefits of enough preparation for everybody on stage to know where he was supposed to go (if not

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why), but the profits of this labor were oddly dissipated. Only "Siegfried" was given more than twice, although "Walküre" and "Götterdämmerung" have always been considered valid repertory works of the Metropolitan.

It has been said that the public response to the "Ring" was not avid, but the scheduling of both cycles in close succession doubtless drained the interest of those who would have come again after a normal lapse of time. One of the boomerangs of the whole reduced repertory scheme is the need for inordinate repetitions during a limited period of time, following which one group of works vanishes and another is subjected to equally heavy duty. This is one concept of Bing's first season which requires revaluation.

WHAT of "quality"? That "quality," I mean, to which Bing referred when he stated in January 1950: "This house will be run on a basis of quality and quality alone." These do not fit exactly into a category of Famous Last Words, but we can include them in a new category—Famous First Words. They remain on the record to be quoted when a Marguerite Piazza, for example, sings a mediocre Rosalinde in "Fledermaus" or Paolo Silvieri roughs up "Don Giovanni" or Gunther Treptow makes the usual noises that pass for singing in the third act of "Tristan." I think that Cesare Siepi is a singer of quality, but his Mephistopheles puts "quality" in this sense to mock—likewise Jerome Hines, who did a notable Grand Inquisitor in "Don Carlo" but something less than a qualified Mephistopheles in this same "Faust." Quality and quality alone would not define the sounds that Delia Rigal produced on more than a few uncomfortable occasions when her artistic sense floundered for want of a proper singing method. I do not know how an impresario goes about pulling such loose ends together, but the clarion call of "quality" will have to be *con sordino* in the future if such peaks and valleys in an artist's initial graph are permitted to become permanent features of the landscape.

Granting that neither Siepi nor Treptow was a first choice for the part he sang (have you forgotten Boris Christoff and Ludwig Suthaus? Rudolf Bing hasn't), we find Hans Hotter, Fedora Barbieri, Roberta Peters, and Mario del Monaco among new artists tendered without apology or qualification. All, I would say, were decidedly successful, allowing for the uncertain voice of Hotter from one night to another. Fritz Krenn and Sven Nilsson were imported to share the parts left open by the absence, under Commu-

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nist restraint, of Mikhail Szekely. Both gave pleasure in the duties required of them. Zinka Milanov returned in splendid voice to sing a limited repertory, Ljuba Welitch in decidedly unsplendid voice for an equally limited repertory. The reappearance of Flagstad is too recent for recapitulation. However, Bing can scarcely have expected, when he braved the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune on her behalf, that she would sing half a dozen times and then retire. Two calculations that turned out to be miscalculations could hardly have been anticipated, considering the reputations of Antony Tudor and Karen Branzell. The first, it appears, does not belong in repertory opera; the latter, alas, belonged there well and long—but no longer.

The occasion is not forgotten when Bing promised "an ensemble of stars but not of comets." This was a pretty astronomical analogy that made one think that even a reappearing Halley's comet would not be allowed to shine on the Metropolitan. In a large sense the company was better integrated than for a long time past; there was no emergency so grave that a qualified replacement was not available within the stand-by personnel, who were accommodated in comfort in a box provided for them by the management rather than prowling the standing-room as in days of yore. However, the comings and goings of Dorothy Kirsten, of Paul Schoeffler, of Warren, Sayao, Tagliavini, and Albanese, the belated last week appearances of Elena Nikolaidi and Victoria de los Angeles—whose names had been exploited for full publicity value even before the season began—were close to the comet category, or I don't know Uranus from uranium. Danny Kaye being neither comet nor star in this particular heavens, we settled for Jack Gilford who glowed merrily enough.

CONSIDERING the hazards which confronted a stranger in a strange, strange task, Rudolf Bing has made himself welcome and more. He has taken a stranger's look at our familiar property and said in more than one respect: "Here is where I can do better." To his credit it was more often better than merely different; and where it was only different or just about the same as before, that was not for want of effort. Knowing now more of the job he has taken on he will doubtless say less in the future and, we hope, act even more effectively. As the curtain falls on Act I of this particular drama we can say we like the author's style and hope his treatment of the theme mounts in interest as he develops his characters.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

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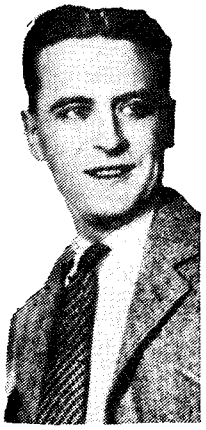

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• SCRIBNER'S •

PERSONAL HISTORY

(*Continued from page 21*)

in life to this little boarding school, but she is able to give full play, always with affectionate warmth, to the entertaining contrasts between a young lady's education then and now.

It was the older sisters, young women of drive and ability, who finally persuaded the Long family to move West. Miss Long's account of early days in Minneapolis, while less valuable as a social record than that of the plantation life, is still well worth reading. Her education, first at the University of Minnesota, later at the University of Chicago, her years of teaching, her growing interest in and work for international relations, conclude an autobiography which is unpretentious but unfailingly interesting.

—PAMELA TAYLOR.

THE CITY OF TWO GATEWAYS: The Autobiography of an Indian Girl. By Savitri Devi Nanda. Macmillan. $3.75. An attar-of-roses nostalgia clings to these childhood recollections of a Hindu physician who is now practising in England. Hers was a wealthy, close-knit Punjab clan centered in an ancient plains city near the banks of the Chinab. As first-born of twenty-year-old parents and first granddaughter on both sides of her family she quite literally slept on a bed of rose petals.

Like an Arabian Nights dream the girl's life unfolds—play with her numerous relatives and the picturesque village folk, boarding school in the shadow of the Himalayan hills, the death of her lovely young mother, the romantic new home on the Jehlum, college in the exotic city of Lahore. Here she met Moslem, Sikh, and Christian girls; the Christians tried to convert her. "To the Heaven of the Christians where angels sang I did not wish to go, because I do not care for vocal music, neither do I like to stay in one place too long as I am fond of traveling."

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—ANN F. WOLFE.

A JOURNAL OF THE McKINLEY YEARS. By Charles G. Dawes. Edited by Bascom N. Timmons. Lakeside Press, Chicago. $3. It is nearly thirty years since General Dawes's "Journal of the Great War" appeared, fifteen since his "Notes as Vice President." Now in his eighty-sixth year comes a much earlier journal of historical importance and significance—his personal record of the period from 1893 to 1913. Dawes was an original McKinley man; he was a member of the executive committee of the Republican National Committee, and from 1897 to 1901 he was comptroller of the currency in a day when a little currency went a long way. Dawes actually began to keep a diary in 1887, in Lincoln, Nebraska, where he initiated lifelong friendships with John J. Pershing, then a lieutenant instructor at the state university, and with William Jennings Bryan. The first of these friendships survived a war and the second the strenuous partisanship of the century's end. Mr. Timmons has apparently been given full charge of preparing the journal, and he has prefaced it with a long and illuminating foreword—something on the order of the old now-go-on-with-the-story synopses. The journal itself is just what it should be: an intimate personal account, concerned almost exclusively with straight reporting and not with speculation or prophecy. It makes interesting reading, particularly for those who have memories of their own of this same period. The Lakeside Press has done its customarily distinguished job of bookmaking.

—J. T. W.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT No. 405

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 405 will be found in the next issue.

GO AND UNDIP INKS C

BENDHISKNLS QGKGBNE,

ISRP FGL LNRSA.

—H. OECRXIGR.

Answer to Crypt No. 404

To be without some of the things you want is an indispensable part of happiness.

—BERTRAND RUSSELL.

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SHADOW OF CENSORSHIP

(*Continued from page 9*)

There has been a systematic campaign to convince people that their peace and security are endangered by freedom of information, that acquiescence in censorship and other restrictions would be to their best interest. The number of governments actively interested in restricting freedom of information has increased. The number willing to take a stand alongside the U. S. in defense of such freedom as still obtains has dwindled.

One could see this tendency quite clearly just one year after the Geneva conference. In April 1949 the Geneva document came before the General Assembly. There followed a persistent effort to whittle away this convention on newsgathering. Many governments wanted to incorporate restrictions of one kind or another. There was talk of imposing "duties" of a legal character upon information agencies and foreign correspondents. With the stout help of countries sharing our concepts of freedom U. S. delegate Erwin D. Canham succeeded in defeating most of these major infringements. Even so, some Americans object to the illiberality of the Newsgathering Convention as it emerged from the third session of the General Assembly. But their objections are as nothing compared to the governments which consider that convention far too liberal. To date those governments have prevented the Newsgathering Convention from being opened for signature and thus becoming operative. It must now wait pending adoption of the Convention on Freedom of Information.

As contrasted with the limited scope of the Newsgathering Convention the proposed Convention on Freedom of Information is of very wide scope. The Newsgathering Convention merely facilitates the work of foreign correspondents as a limited group. The Convention on Freedom of Information purports to provide that contracting states shall secure to all of their own nationals and to the nationals of other contracting states who are in their territories certain broad rights to freedom of information. Among these are the right to seek, to receive, and to impart information and opinions. At first glance this would appear to be a worthy purpose. The catch is that restriction-minded governments insist upon legalizing very broad limitations upon freedom to seek, to receive, and to impart information, under the guise of "guaranteeing" such freedoms. Having failed to incorporate satisfac-

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tory restrictions on the gathering and transmission of news into the Newsgathering Convention restriction-minded governments are trying to write very comprehensive restrictions on newsgathering into the freedom of information convention.

Although the two conventions do not in fact cover the same subject matter and are in no way dependent upon each other, the restrictionists insist that the two are actually "part of one whole." They maintain that the Convention on Freedom of Information is necessary to establish a "moral and political context" for the Newsgathering Convention. If they have their way they will write so many restrictions into the freedom of information convention that the liberal provisions of the other convention will be nullified.

There has been so much talk about newsgathering and newspapers that many people think of the freedom of information issue as exclusively a press association and newspaper concern. But anything which seriously limits the amount of news available in times like the present should be the concern of everyone. Without adequate information about what goes on abroad the American people, ultimate arbiters of American national policies, will not be in a position to make wise decisions. Freedom of information is the means by which common, everyday citizens seek and receive information about their work, including new methods of work; about their living conditions, good or bad, and the reasons for them; about their local officials, their state and national governments. It is the process by which they reach their decisions and make them felt by those who govern. Freedom of information is the right of the architect or artist, the engineer or writer, the stonemason or teacher to have access to all available facts, ideas, and opinions regardless of source—not only to the information approved by his government or any political party. It is the citizen's right to communicate with his fellow citizens and with those of other nations.

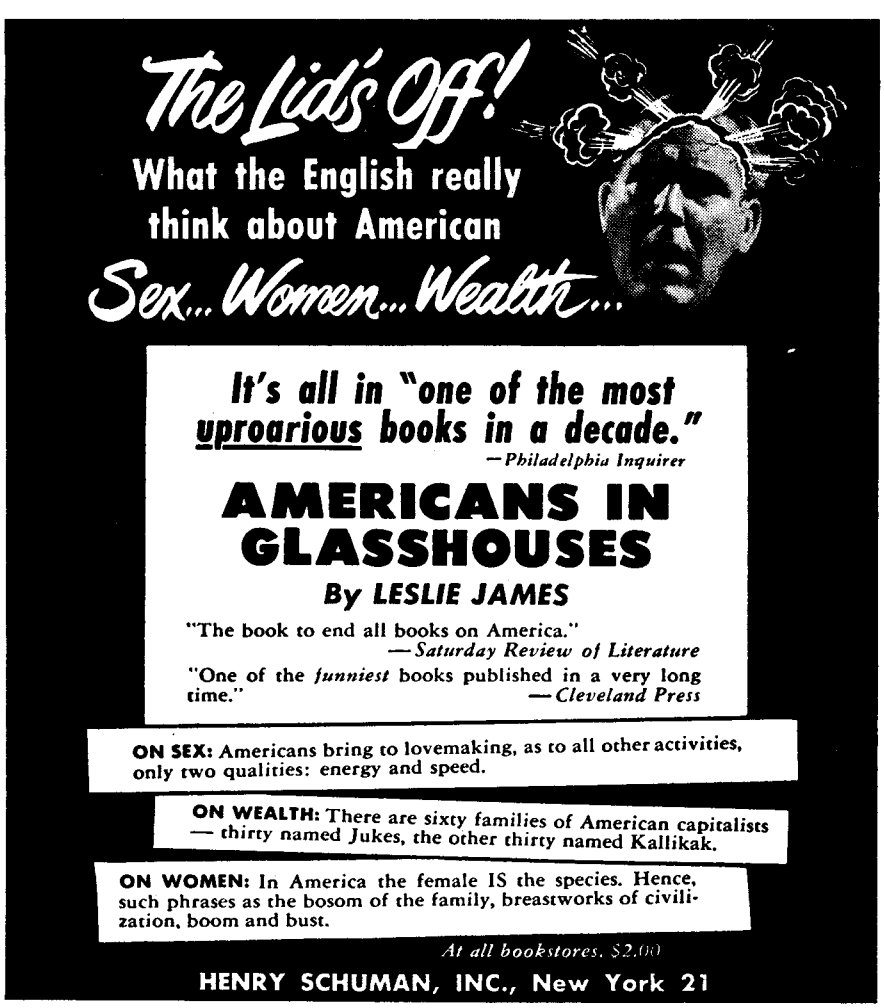
THE United States delegation to the United Nations committee on freedom of information unsuccessfully sought to persuade a majority of the fourteen other nations represented to draft a convention embodying those concepts. It sought to persuade the committee that freedom of information is one of those vital areas of the democratic process which must remain as far as possible immune from governmental interference. Conceding that there must be certain restraints upon freedom of information to prevent abuses the United States delegation insisted that such limitations must never go so far as to impair the basic freedom. We contended that they must be such as to safeguard the maximum of freedom for each person, that they must be subject to public criticism and to review by impartial judicial authority. Wherever possible, the United States delegation insisted, such limitations as are imposed must operate *after* the fact, as a means of penalizing proven and serious abuses and not as a *prior* gag on free speech.

The drafting committee, heavily weighted with restrictionists, rejected this approach. The United States and other delegations favoring freedom did succeed in preventing many highly objectionable proposals from being incorporated in the draft. But the preamble and nineteen articles soon to come before higher U. N. bodies and to be recommended to governments for adoption still embody so many restrictions that the United States had to denounce the document and serve notice that it would oppose its adoption. The British, Dutch, and Philippine delegations indicated serious doubts about the draft convention. The Ecuador and Cuban delegations favored a more liberal one. On the other hand, the Russian delegation criticized the draft because it is insufficiently restrictive, and the Arab and Indian delegations expect to write far more drastic restrictions into the convention when it comes before an assembly committee.

They believe that they can line up a majority of its sixty members so that the final draft will incorporate provisions barring "false or distorted reports which undermine friendly relations between peoples and states" and banning "information likely to injure the feelings of nationals of a state."

If such a convention is adopted by the U. N. the restrictionists will have little difficulty obtaining the ratification of the six nations required to make it international law. A blow will have been struck at freedom of information in the name of the U.N.

Of course the United States would not ratify such a restrictive convention. Hence American press, radio, and films would not suffer from it—in the United States. American periodicals could still publish articles and pictures outlawed by the U. N. and international law. But the flow of information to the United States would be lessened. Those who place barriers in the way of Americans learning about what goes on abroad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or vice versa would have legal and moral sanction for their restrictions. More than that, those who hate and distrust freedom would have added impetus for their efforts to persuade the American people that freedom is dangerous and contrary to their best interests. They would have added strength for their effort to create hatred and distrust of the United States and its information media because both would be "violating international law and flouting the U. N."

That is why it is so important for Americans to understand and resist these restrictionist efforts. A considerable section of the American press, alarmed at trends at Lake Success, proposes non-participation in further U. N. freedom of information activities. Some go farther and demand U. S. withdrawal from the U. N. These are shortsighted and foolish suggestions. The U. N. does not create these restrictionist efforts any more than it creates Communist hostility towards the United States or "middle country" objections to lining up with the United States against the Communists. The U. N. merely affords a forum for the expression of such attitudes and for the refutation of such proposals. The effort to discredit and restrict American informational practices would be just as intense if there were no U. N. Indeed, the United States and other countries devoted to freedom would have a much harder time defending their freedoms if they had to do it in thirty or forty capitals instead of at a single conference table.

A nation which believes in its free institutions and is determined to preserve them must put up a fight for them whenever they are under attack. It must show those who distrust them that, with all their shortcomings, free institutions are safer and offer more hope for orderly progress than the censoring and indoctrinating processes of the police state. The United States and those who share its devotion to freedom of information must intensify their efforts to win friends for their ideals and practices as the restrictionists are intensifying their efforts to encroach on freedom.

This the United States delegations to the U. N. do to the best of their ability every time the issue comes up. They do not leave the field free to the restrictionists. They prevent many proposed encroachments from being made. They make it harder for the restrictionists to put over their case by effectively presenting the powerful case for freedom. The more responsibly and intelligently those who enjoy freedom exercise their high privileges the better the prospect will be for increasing the forces of freedom throughout the world.

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BOOKED for TRAVEL

RETURN TO THE REICH—II

FRANKFORT.

TO TRAVEL the 155 miles from Munich to Frankfort takes scarcely more than an hour by air. But the cities are worlds apart, as if they were in different countries, beset by different problems. Munich is dull, dazed, dispirited, almost stupified. KLM lifts you from the gray rubble on the wings of its American Convair, gives you a drink of whisky and a sandwich—giving you back to comfortable civilization again — and deposits you in Frankfort. The sophisticated service makes the transition a bit easier, for in Frankfort lights shine from the store windows, trolleys clang down the avenues, tiny, shiny new cars scamper across the intersections, people walk with a bounce, and in the mens' hats there are no outlandish shaving brushes.

Driving in from the Rhine-Main Airport the bus rolls past a tremendous development of bright new apartments for the families of the United States Air Force—a veritable Peter Cooper *am Rhein* which will one day be turned over to the Germans. The gleaming Frankfurterhof Hotel, rebuilt out of the rubble, is newer by two decades than anything in Paris, handsomer than anything in Amsterdam, as modern as anything in Zurich. Its richly-decorated, heavily-carpeted, paneled bar booms with the voices of Americans. Tail-coated German waiters slip up to the barman and in the strange mixture of cultures say things like, "*Nach ein* sidecar." The prices are pure American. Two people each have a pair of martinis and the bill is four dollars. A single room with a bath costs nineteen marks, or nearly five dollars, a double from twenty-four to thirty-four marks—not far off New York prices.

The Kleines Theatre im Zoo is playing "Mein Freund Harvey," the old rabbit gone German. The Kleines Komodienhaus has Christopher Fry's "Die Dame ist nicht für's Feuer," and the movies are showing "Alibaba und die 7 Räber" and something tagged "Goldschmuggel nach Virginia." Anyone who wants more entertainment than that can go tooling up to Wiesbaden, a handsome, untouched little resort that is headquarters for our Air Force. A syndicate headed by a Mexican has turned the lovely foyer of the old opera house into a gambling casino with tables for roulette and baccarat. Minimum bet is two marks, maximum 2,400 and the play for the first year was some six million marks. Tourists who are introduced by civilian or military members of the occupation force can travel up to Kronberg Castle, a magnificent contemporary château, which became rather well publicized a few years back when an American colonel and the WAC major who was his wife absconded with the Hesse family jewels. Beautiful dinners are served alongside the mammoth fireplaces, a corps of petite Mary Petty parlor maids in black uniforms and white caps trips up and down the halls, and a cosmopolitan German pianist plays and sings in a variety of languages. The local hit is a tender lament for besieged Berlin which, roughly translated, goes like this:

My heart longs for the Kurfürstendamm,
My heart longs for beloved Berlin;
I have been in Hamburg, Frankfort, and Vienna
But Berlin will always remain Berlin.

In spite of the Russian hold on Berlin and points east, high Russian blood pressure is a debility more common in New York than Frankfort. The burgemeister, Dr. Walter Leiske, formerly a municipal councilor in Leipzig until he was ousted by the Nazis in 1933, insists that the Russians won't march. It is a bluff, he declared and the reason he gives is one not often heard over here: the Red military might is nourished by the oil fields of Baku, on the west coast of the Caspian Sea, and in three hours Turkish-based American planes could render Baku radioactive and useless.

The release of Alfred Krupp von Bohlen und Halbach proved only mildly interesting to Dr. Leiske. "That's a detail," he insisted. "One must remember the circumstances. His father, Gustav Krupp von Bohlen und Halbach was sentenced for maltreating slave labor. If you are the head of an immense concern that is a difficult thing to control." Leiske believes that it was a mistake to send Alfred to jail in his father's shoes. Krupp has most certainly not been released so that he could begin to make munitions for the West, Leiske declared. The gun factories in Essen are all destroyed anyway. Young Krupp was one of Germany's most progressive industrialists. He was well liked by the working class, and his release is expected to be a tonic to the Western laborer.

A CAREER civil servant of intense charm, sophistication, and supreme control, Leiske, like any other German regardless of caste, could not let slip the opportunity of having in his power a captive American audience. Said he to the handful of correspondents seated in front of him, "I am sure you as American citizens will deplore the destruction of this old town. [Of course, Dr. Leiske, and do *you* deplore Rotterdam and Coventry, London and Warsaw?] We will never

—*Horace Sutton.*

". . . *nach ein* sidecar."

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be able to repair the old city. We consider it nearly a miracle that in such a short time these German citizens have rebuilt so much of the town. Our German population is willing to rebuild with its own strength and to live in peace with the Western culture."

The next morning I saw what he meant. Although destruction in the center of Frankfort is not very readily visible, nearly the entire old city near the river is a ruin. Apparently we and the British were trying for the bridges. The near misses crashed into the colorful old dwellings, smashed the *bierstuben*, left the famous Römer a mere façade watched over ironically by a statue of Justice holding the scales. Here and there a cherub sent spinning from the cornice of some ancient building lies imbedded headfirst in the dirt, with grass growing up now, after nearly eight years, around its head and chubby arms.

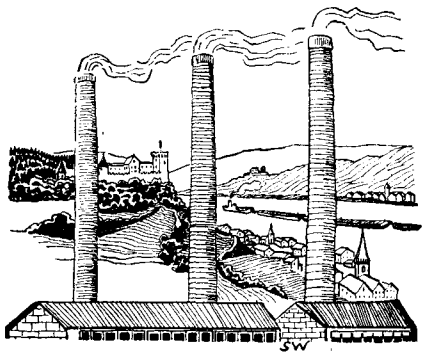
We hit the Goethe House too, unfortunately for our propaganda, and worse yet the bombs fell during his birthday, March 23, 1943. The furniture was saved, and between High Commissioner McCloy and the Carl Schurz Foundation of Philadelphia the rebuilt Goethe House reopened on the poet's birthday this year. Adano got its bell.

In spite of all the brotherly cooperation, the unrest still rumbles. Booklets pour off the presses titled "Frankfort—Yesterday and Today," showing the city in pleasanter days with the spring sun shining on shrubbery and gay umbrellas in the squares. Then on the opposite page is the same view—but with the bombed-out façades and unseeing windows, the piles of stone, the gutted walls. "*Katastrophe!*" screams the caption. And here and there on the walls, like the old Hitler slogans, are white painted signs that read: "*Wir haben genug von Eisenhovers Luftterror und Bombenkrieg. Wir Wollen Frieden.*" Then underneath: "Eisenhower, go home!"

Frankfort could take heart from more learned writings, however. One bit of home-grown advice oft reprinted in the city nowadays reaches deep into the heart of the people. It says:

Should you find in ruins what once you built
Set busily to work and clear the rubble;
Make new schemes and think of better measures.
Should this world ever get out of joint
Or be cleft asunder by its own will,
You will build it again for eternal joy.

The words are well over a hundred years old and come from the pen of that old Frankfort citizen Johann Wolfgang von Goethe. Perhaps



they are being heeded well for, though there is unemployment down in Munich, Frankfort is experiencing a labor shortage. Seventy thousand workers are being recruited from outside the city. Frankfort is rebuilding again, but the matter of eternal joy remains in the hands of the commissars across the Elbe. —HORACE SUTTON.

This is the second of two articles on present-day Germany. The first appeared in the issue of March 10.

TRAVELERS' TALES

THE SILENT TRAVELLER IN NEW YORK. By Chiang Yee. John Day. $5. New York has been dissected, analyzed, and described in a good many ways but never before by a Chinese who is simultaneously an artist, writer, and reporter. Mr. Chiang came to us aboard the *Queen Mary*, which was loaded at the time with two thousand G.I. brides, and he came fresh from other Silent Traveller books on London, Oxford, and Edinburgh. In New York he found the pattern of the skyscrapers like the Kweiling landscape. Having his shoes shined on Wall Street he imagined himself an Egyptian deity, the shoeshine boy a priest bending over to burn incense at the feet of the god. Eating his first hot dog (and being a Chinese) made him think of the stories of Chinese who are supposed to eat dogs—and now he

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was such a one. The thought made him shudder. He was perplexed by the brightly painted Manhattan taxis with photos of the drivers on the inside. Once or twice he looked at the photos and wanted to step right out.

To supplement these slyly humorous observations Mr. Chiang has contributed over one hundred and twenty line drawings of such bits of New Yorkana as peanut pushcarts and frankfurter stands. But most important are his magnificent color plates, of which there are seventeen, done originally on absorbent paper or silk. Painting in the soft, pastel delicacy of the traditional Chinese he endows New York with a cast that is rare, Oriental, and immensely exotic.

LET'S GO TO PERU. By Lyman Judson and Ellen Judson. Harper. $4. If there is anyone around who can squeeze more information out of a country than the Judsons I, for one, would like to meet him. Lyman and Ellen Judson, who are on their way to being the official chroniclers and cartographers of all Latin America, aver that travelers should spend all their time in one country, whether they have ten days or six months. That's the way to get to know it, and if you have a Judson guide there is no doubt that you'll know it better.

In the first place the Judsons have their deathless prose set in two sizes of type—large type for armchair travelers, telling about their personal experiences, about history and customs; small type for the actual voyager, giving pertinent hard fact and advice about tourist conditions and prices. The Judsons take their own photographs—which are more National Geographic than artistic. They also draw their own city maps and illustrate certain points with their own sketches, and they will probably turn up at your favorite bookstore peddling their own books.

SEQUOIA NATIONAL PARK. By François E. Matthes. Edited by Fritiof Fryxell. University of California Press. $3.75. A geological album prepared in lay language concerning the rock formations of Sequoia National Park in California. The area encompasses the massive Sierras, including Mount Whitney, which at 14,496 feet is the highest crag in the United States. The strange world of the geologist, in which a million years is the same as a fortnight to everyone else, is reported here by the simple process of photograph and long caption. Mr. Matthes made the mountains his life's work, and the Sequoia Albums he kept through the years were edited after his death and formed into this single volume by Mr. Fryxell. —H. S.

FICTION

(*Continued from page 17*)

police, and Juan is shot to death trying to protect a comrade. Completely defeated, Don Antolin decides to return to London, taking with him as a somewhat incredible gesture Juan's seventeen-year-old fiancée.

The most curious lack in the novel is that of Spanish atmosphere. Perhaps Spain has grown dim in Señor Barea's memory, which seems improbable, or, what is more likely, he has in trying to generalize upon the tragedy of the young in this age broadened his focus and thus reduced the sharpness of the Spanish picture.

The translation by Ilsa Barea gains in readability by its easy colloquial tone, but one misses the formal flavor of Castilian.

De Medici Love-life

MADAME SERPENT. By Jean Plaidy. Appleton-Century-Crofts. $3. This novel of Renaissance France and Italy attempts to depict, in the words of the jacket blurb, "the love story of Catherine de Medici, who ruled everything but her husband's heart." Unfortunately for the purposes of the novelist the love-life of Catherine was undistinguished by anything but the monotonous infidelity of her husband, Henry II. The book leaves its heroine at the age of forty, before she fully assumed the reptilian aspect which justifies its title.

Miss Plaidy sticks pretty close to historical fact in her recounting of Catherine's early life in Florence, her marriage to Henry of Orleans, and her role as Queen. Since this role consisted mainly of playing second fiddle to Diane de Poitiers, Henry's mistress, Catherine has little to do in the novel save gnash her teeth, spy on the lovers through holes bored in the palace woodwork, and add to her extensive collection of lethal drugs. This does not make for eventful reading.

In spite of its lack of dramatic incident, "Madame Serpent" would have some justification if it produced a few insights into the behavior of its characters. But none of the figures in the novel is sufficiently well motivated to be more than an historic name. From it all emerges Catherine de Medici, not as the perpetrator of the Saint Bartholomew's Day Massacre of 50,000 Huguenots but as the heroine of a sixteenth-century soap opera, plodding through twenty-six years of marital misery.

—MARTIN LEVIN.

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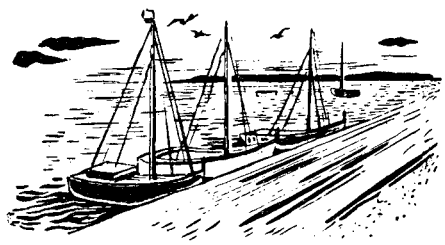
The New Recordings

COMPOSITION, PERFORMER, ALBUM NUMBER, NUMBER OF RECORDS	*Recording Technique, Surface* ENGINEERING	PERFORMANCE AND CONTENT
EN FRANCAIS		
DEBUSSY: "LE MARTYRE DE ST. SEBASTIEN" (1912). Okla. City Sym., Chorale, Alesandro; Frances Yeend, Miriam Stewart, Anna Kaskas. Allegro LP: ALG 100 (*Copious notes; text, transl.*)	▶ The prewar recording (RCA Victor album 767) of an orchestral suite from this last big work with orchestra proves to have been a pale shadow. The complete score here is permeated with vocal and choral effects; it is a choral work of first magnitude and a monument to the peculiar French color-use of voices. The old excerpts omitted splendidly powerful climaxes, missed the point of contrasting dried-out, quiet "torture" music. Atmospheric, opulent music this, impressionistic yet astringent in late-Debussy style. An excellent, well-integrated performance in spite of some American brashness of tone in both solos and chorus. Recording basically tops, but badly overcut in the louder parts. A major item.	
BRITTEN: "LES ILLUMINATIONS" (sop. and orch.) Alice Mock; Orch. of Mus. Arts Soc. of La Jolla, Sokoloff. Alco LP: ALP 1211 (½) (*With Martinu: Sinfonietta*)	▶ West-coast recording: close, deadish; but this has enough liveness for natural sound, the balance is excellent, voice is beautifully clear. Top quality, wide range.	▶ A superb performance of unusual Franco-British work, to French texts (Rimbaud). Mock does top job, in French manner; Britten is in his best element here. A moving set of songs.
"SONGS OF THE AUVERGNE" (transcribed from Canteloube settings). Susan Reed. H. Bennett, flute; H. Schulman, oboe; D. Weber, clar.; A. Twerdowski, cello; George Reeves, pf. Columbia LP: ml 54368 (½) (*With Susan Reed folk songs*)	▶ Seven of the famous Madeleine Grey numbers, here played by small instrumental group instead of full orchestra (and the better for it). Susan Reed, folksinger, is surprisingly fine at these—she hasn't the perfect French control, the rich, even scale of Grey's typically French voice, but her versions have great musical charm, spontaneity, beautiful diction. The settings are lushly harmonized tone-poems—a *genre* in themselves. Top recording.	
GLUCK: "ORPHEUS AND EURYDICE" (abr. recording). Alice Raveau, Germaine Feraldy, Jany Delille; Alexis Vlasoff Choir; Sym. orch., Tomasi. Vox LP: PTL 6780	▶ These records date back from just about The Beginning. The better parts, though, are very satisfactory, freed of old surface noise. Ends of the 78 sides were very poor, fuzzy, broken up, and this, alas, comes through; couldn't be helped.	▶ Most of the famous Raveau recording of years back, now on LP. Raveau was a remarkable French contralto voice then; the two sopranos also fine. This remains an outstanding French performance in spite of varying recording. Most choruses missing, large cuts in continuity.
G. FAURE: SONGS. Ninon Vallin; M. Fauré, piano. Vox PTL 1730 (10") (*Texts and translation*)	▶ These appear to be reissues of selected 78's, not all made same time. Medium good technical quality, not up to present standards but entirely listenable.	▶ A good collection of eight songs by a top interpreter of French tradition. She was past her prime, evidently; but only signs are the carefully treated high notes. Quite lovely. Fauré is tops in song.
PIANO MUSIC OF FAURE: ("Theme & Variations," Opus 73; "Nocturne" #4; "Barcarolle"). Kathleen Long. London LP: LPS. 260 (10")	▶ Excellent piano recording, not too close. Louder parts need a good, compliant pickup or they'll buzz, though they are not actually overcut.	▶ The old argument—is Fauré great? This won't settle it. The "Variations" a big piece, powerful if sweetish; the other two, to me, pleasantly insipid at best.
RAVEL: TRIO IN A MINOR (1915); VIOLIN SONATA (1920). E. Eidus, vl., G. Ricci, cello; Brooks Smith, piano. Stradivarius LP: SLP 1005	▶ A good, live sound, good balance in both. Sonata has both violin and pf. at some distance, big liveness, bit thin in bass. Trio is heavier, more satisfactory in piano.	▶ These U.S. players have a flair for the French--convincing performance, musically and stylistically. The Trio is big, colorful mid-Ravel, the Sonata early-Gershwin-influenced. (Blues could be bluer than here!) —EDWARD TATNALL CANBY.

THE Islanders



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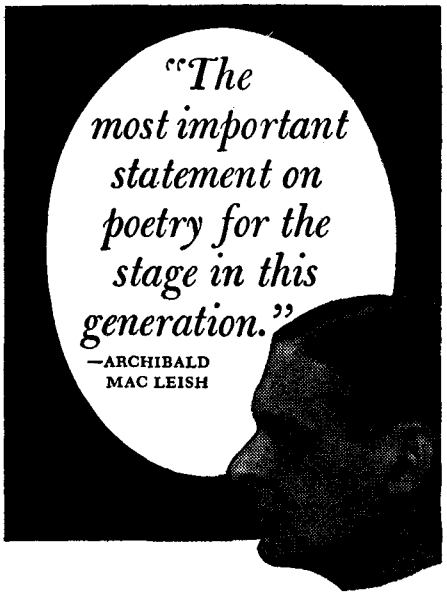

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(Continued from page 12)

translated into a number of foreign languages, and I daresay in its original form it has been read by more persons than have read any other book on heredity. The earlier volume was excellent. The new book is much better, and that is saying a great deal. Since the publication of the 1939 volume Mr. Scheinfeld has been continuously at work on the making of the present book. He seems to have spared no pains. On every aspect of the work he has consulted with the leading authorities, and he has made every endeavor to present the facts clearly and interpret them soundly.

It should be made clear that the work is not a textbook. It is intended for general readers and hence omits much necessarily detailed information which would be indispensable in a more formal work.

Ashley Montagu is chairman of the Department of Anthropology at Rutgers University. His most recent book is "Statement on Race."

Ideas & Studies Notes

SOCIAL PHILOSOPHIES OF AN AGE OF CRISIS. By Pitirim A. Sorokin. Beacon Press, Boston. $4. The twentieth century has shown scant respect for the kind of inquiry which was formerly known as the philosophy of history. Social Darwinism has succumbed to critical analysis in all of the social sciences, and we are perhaps especially disenchanted with the idea of progress. Nevertheless, the work of Spengler, of Toynbee, and of Sorokin himself has stimulated a renewed interest in problems of this high order of significance. Since few of the writers in this vast field have been willing to confine themselves to single volumes it has been difficult for the ordinary reader to keep pace with the production.

Here Professor Sorokin has a solution to the difficulty. In a few short but pithy chapters he summarizes the theories of Danilevsky, Spengler, Toynbee, Schubart, Berdyaev, Northrop, Kroeber, and Schweitzer and then subjects them to a kind of comparative criticism, with frequent reference to his own theories. He finds several areas of agreement among these various philosophies and concludes with an emphasis upon the importance of social philosophy in general. This useful book is an expanded version of the Cole Lectures which Professor Sorokin delivered at the seventy-fifth anniversary of Vanderbilt University in April 1950.

—ROBERT BIERSTEDT.

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF DICTATORSHIP. By G. M. Gilbert. Ronald Press. $4. Dr. Gilbert, whose "Nuremberg Diary" rode the lower rungs of the best-seller list a few years back, here

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, and Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
MURDER BEFORE MARRIAGE *Margot Neville* (Crime Club: $2.50)	Wealthy old hag masterminds Australian town despite weak heart; rigs marriage of nephew to lovely heiress Susan. But somebody else gets murdered.	Types all recognizable and all nauseating, including Susan on whose stupidity plot depends. Motivation and solution arbitrary.	Decent writing keeps you reading—regretfully
BIRD OF PREY *Victor Canning* (Mill-Morrow: $3)	Mercer, British private investigator grown shabby, seeks one Gian Uccello in Venice, for once an innocent mission—which becomes mare's nest with his own death near-consequence.	Superlative job—you taste, smell, and see Venice. Not a phoney word or character anywhere; suspense legitimate and nearly unbearable.	By a master—don't miss!
ARSENIC FOR THE TEACHER *Oliver Keystone* (Phoenix: $2)	When N. Y. private school gets so progressive it includes blackmail and murder Latin teacher Paul Plush collaborates with Andrews of Homicide to unravel psychology behind arsenic.	Authentic school atmosphere and teacher-student types. Story thin; style pleasantly obvious; ingenious idea twist.	Mild crossword puzzle of death

—KATHLEEN SPROUL.

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consolidates his thinking and information on the Nazi war criminals. As prison psychologist his opportunities to collect material were unrivaled, and besides his own notes he was given a 1000-page manuscript on Hitler and Hitlerism by Hans Frank, the Fuehrer's personal lawyer, fanatical wartime governor of Poland, and guilt-ridden, eleventh-hour convert to Catholicism.

"It is our thesis," says Dr. Gilbert, "that authoritarian leadership, like any other, reflects the nature of the culture in which it emerges." Therefore much of his book is devoted to examining the interplay between the culture-patterns of Germany and the men who became its Nazi leaders. Except for a chapter on the psychological mess that was Adolph Hitler, Dr. Gilbert pretty much confines himself to those who were his prison charges: Goering, Hess, Frank, Von Papen, "Von" Ribbentrop, Keitel, and SS Colonel Hoess of Auschwitz. His facts are stale only to the most intimate students of the Nazi abomination, and his interpretations should be fascinating to all.

To the author's distinct credit, he does not overpress his case. He doesn't see economic, sociological, and psychic inevitabilities at every turn in Germany's history after World War I. Apropos of the dictators he remarks that "Freud may have been right in suggesting that 'all revolutions begin in the cradle,' but no one has suggested that the causes of social conflict ended there." But Dr. Gilbert commits one breach calculated to make this lay reader squirm: he has at times loaded his text with the jargon of his trade, a stylistic fault that occasionally makes his book read like a specialist's notes to himself. It's a pity, for his findings on the authoritarian mind deserve a wide audience. —PETER R. LEVIN.

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PERSONALS

(Continued from Page 41)

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DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 887

Reg. U. S. Patent Office

By Elizabeth S. Kingsley

DEFINITIONS

A. The angel of the bottomless pit answering to the Hebrew Abaddon (Bib. and "Pilgrim's Progress").

B. Russian choreographer and ballet master, author of "Serge Diaghilev, His Life, His Work, His Legend" (1905-).

C. A violent storm (India).

D. Separate particulars in an enumeration.

E. Designating a certain domestic goat, Himalayan region.

F. Noted blind worker and writer (1880-).

G. English actress (1848-1928).

H. Secondhand (garments; comp.).

I. The science of character.

J. One of the three greatest ancient Greek dramatists (496?-406 B.C.).

K. A period of inactivity in industry (Fr.).

L. Army officer in command of British, battle of Bunker Hill, etc.

M. Displeasure; affront.

WORDS

186 67 91 86 103 171 136 110

79 158 120 146 151

1 155 9 109 133

182 29 160 4 42

23 65 99 180 45 47 125 55

46 162 80 26 3 58

49 20 114 189 164

165 132 38 31 137 115 157 84 13 101

152 105 2 57 66 8 176 33

7 154 96 89 124 28 16 39 72

123 141 119 129 121 88 148

73 100 135 27

169 153 56 61 139 108 184

DEFINITIONS

N. Pulitzer Prize winner in Poetry, 1947.

O. Wooded plateau in Europe, scene of "The Battle of the Bulge".

P. A surface artificially roughened (ceramics).

Q. To forestall.

R. Major in "Vanity Fair" whom Amelia marries after Osborne's death.

S. The only one of Magellan's ships to circumnavigate the globe in 1522.

T. To remove or eradicate (hair).

U. The "City" of Ancient Rome.

V. Game resembling bagatelle, played on a special table.

W. Except.

X. A skeleton.

Y. Descriptive anthropology.

Z. English poet and dramatist (1674-1718).

Z[1]. Scaup ducks.

WORDS

177 172 77 59 36 54

18 185 134 30 145 156 138 143

98 64 149 187 71 34

102 131 81 166 112 87 17 5 63 174

111 24 10 69 41 175

161 74 90 183 37 117 106 44

95 19 78 40 150 93 130

75 53 147 14 181 144 6 122

51 104 60 142 70 178

68 62 25 190 22 12

83 113 140 32 35 92 107 167

116 168 94 159 127 76 163 50 48 82 52

170 11 85 126

118 43 188 173 128 15 97 21 179

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Read up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (second edition).

■	■	■	■	■	■	1 C	2 I	3 F	■	4 D	5 Q	6 U	7 J	■	8 I	9 C	■	10 R
11 Z	12 W	13 H	14 U	15 Z[1]	16 J	■	17 Q	18 O	19 T	20 G	21 Z[1]	22 W	■	23 E	24 R	25 W
26 F	27 L	28 J	29 D	30 O	31 H	■	32 X	33 I	■	34 P	35 X	36 N	37 S	38 H	39 J	40 T
■	41 R	42 D	43 Z[1]	44 S	45 E	■	46 F	47 E	48 Y	49 G	■	50 Y	51 V	■	52 Y	53 U
54 N	55 E	■	56 M	57 I	58 F	■	59 N	60 V	61 M	62 W	63 Q	64 P	65 E	66 I	■	67 A
68 W	69 R	70 V	71 P	72 J	73 L	74 S	75 U	76 Y	■	77 N	78 T	79 B	80 F	■	81 Q	82 Y
83 X	84 H	85 Z	■	86 A	87 Q	88 K	89 J	90 S	■	91 A	92 X	■	93 T	94 Y	95 T	■
96 J	97 Z[1]	98 P	99 E	100 L	101 H	102 Q	103 A	104 V	105 I	106 S	107 X	108 M	■	109 C	110 A	111 R
■	112 Q	113 X	114 G	115 H	116 Y	117 S	118 Z[1]	■	119 K	120 B	■	121 K	■	122 U	123 K	124 J
125 E	126 Z	■	127 Y	128 Z[1]	■	129 K	130 T	131 Q	■	132 H	133 C	134 O	■	135 L	136 A	137 H
138 O	139 M	■	140 X	141 K	142 V	143 O	144 U	■	145 O	146 B	147 U	148 K	149 P	■	150 T	151 B
152 I	■	153 M	154 J	155 C	156 O	157 H	■	158 B	159 Y	■	160 D	161 S	162 F	163 Y	164 G	■
165 H	166 Q	167 X	168 Y	169 M	170 Z	171 A	■	172 N	173 Z[1]	■	174 Q	175 R	176 I	177 N	178 V	179 Z[1]
180 E	■	181 U	182 D	183 S	184 M	185 O	186 A	187 P	188 Z[1]	189 G	190 W	■	■	■	■	■

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 21 of this issue.

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